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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Mrs. Potter's Method of Entering the Field—Small Talents Pieced Out with Notoriety—How the Lady Reasoned It All Out—The Prince of Wales' Judgment in Dramatic Matters—Fashioning Reputations for the American Market—The Hypocrisy of Society Pets and the Struggles of the Working Women of the Stage.

Mrs. Potter, who is about to make her theatrical venture in this country, may succeed with the American public, but up to this time she is not entitled to a large consideration from the profession into which she has stepped somewhat suddenly and pretentiously.

That she will be received with justice and courtesy by both public and profession, need not for a moment be doubted; and if she exhibits any marked talent her countrymen will give her ample praise for it.

At the same time Mrs. Potter's method of entering the field is objectionable to good taste, and carries with it an avowed contempt for the old and assured methods of winning popular favor.

She believed that to win attention and favor at the hands of her countrymen she had to have the imprimatur of the Prince of Wales. Her debut appears to have been made in London, not to win London, but to win New York.

This fixes at once upon her venture the suspicion that her confidence in her ability was not equal to her diplomacy.

She appears to have reasoned, and with no small discernment, that for quick returns in this business small talents must be pieced out with great notoriety; and she had seen with her own eyes that the Prince of Wales dispensed notoriety of various brands to all who got through the cordon of etiquette with the talisman of good looks.

She no doubt reasoned in this wise: If I make an engagement with Mr. Harry Miner to play at his theatre, it is very questionable if I draw more than one good house. Not more than one in a hundred of the Americans ever heard of me. It is even doubtful if I can make a satisfactory engagement with Mr. Miner. If, on the other hand, I go to London with letters of credit and a skillful social manipulator, I can fill the American papers with my movements utterly regardless of my merits; and they tell me that it is much easier to handle the press over there from the social side than it is here. I will then come back with a furor, and once rolling, this theatrical snow-ball will get bigger and bigger.

How far Mrs. Potter is herself responsible for the many cablegrams sent to this country (and promptly printed) narrating how much interest the Prince of Wales took in her endeavors, how exclusively the initial performance was under his patronage, and how certain was her success now that he had smiled upon her, I do not know.

But it is quite plain that she sought this patronage and favor, and that her manager has used it as a means of success with the American public.

It is therefore proper to say that in this respect, at least, Mrs. Potter's efforts have been extra professional in intent and contemptuous in result.

If it should happen that the Prince of Wales' patronage should in her case help to keep dramatic inability before the public—as it has been known to do before—the injustice smites the whole profession in America, that depends upon merit and personal effort for its recognition.

It is not known here that the Prince of Wales possesses sufficient acumen and impartiality to give an authoritative opinion on the drama. It is not believed here that his favor, which is about equally distributed between shopkeepers and good-looking amateurs, is of any intrinsic value whatever from an art point of view.

It is not even known here that his personal reputation is of that kind which, aside from his accidental position, can confer any advantage other than a damaging one upon a chaste American lady.

From the strictly professional point of view, then, we decline to accept Mrs. Potter on his word. He has been known to patronize some of the worst actresses that have come to us, and the worse the actresses the more absolutely they leaned upon his favor.

We have got to go a point farther and de-

cline to accept her on the strength of the London working. For when we ignore the Prince, we must ignore all the rhodomontade and flattery that sets in when he gives the wink.

Mrs. Potter ought to be told that she must stand or fall, when she gets here, on her dramatic ability. It is no doubt in her case a cruel test, but the cruelty of it is positively merciful to all the other worthy workers who haven't been to the Prince and don't intend to go.

The cruelty of it in her case arises from the fact that her dramatic experience is small, her training slight, her knowledge limited, her theatrical antecedents here devoid of other than social acclaim, and her whole career has been that of a society pet rather than that of a public servant.

If she possesses that dramatic instinct which surmounts at times all the obstacles of a professional career and seizes the laurels without

scores of estimable and worthy home artists in this country toil through from year to year with no other recognition from intelligent criticism than is niggardly flung by the summarizing paragrapher, while callow amateurs, deputed by capital and armed with social prestige, will command column after column through the cable and the mails from the other side.

Our public have outgrown the primitive notion that London is any better judge of a play than New York.

But the feeling appears to die hard in the American newspaper office. In one or two of them it amounts to a superstition.

Mr. Irving found out to his surprise, and Mr. Barrett to his sorrow, that the audiences were as discriminating and the critics as acute, if not as ponderous, here as in London. Mary Anderson, who has been thoroughly Anglicised and came back with a St. James' superi-

stage with supreme contempt for all the conditions and exacting recognition for nothing with a full purse.

There is usually a double arrogance in it—the arrogance of ignorance and the arrogance of cash.

It presupposes that vanity is better than talent, and it assumes that a society woman is better than a professional actress. On an average she is not. On the boards she is invariably worse. But she starts out to buy what can only be earned.

You'd think she was getting out of her coach at Arnold and Constable's.

"I'll take four yards of reputation and six yards of criticism. That's a very nice role. I'll take that. Send me up a double recall and a triumphant success. How much, please?"

I have usually found that actresses who were entitled to the name were working women. They didn't belong to a privileged

she was getting ready, that the stage needed ladies.

This had the look of a missionary spirit, but she quit the stage so soon as she found that it wouldn't pay for ladyship without talent.

It is impertinent to say that the stage needs ladies. It is only allowable to say that it needs more ladies. It has several who served apprenticeships on it. You can put them in any society and they would grace it with their beauty, charm it with their intelligence and command it with their virtues.

It has its mothers, its heroines, its priestesses and its sibyls, as well as its courtesans and odalisques.

The stage does not make or unmake ladies any more than society does. We must allow something to character, and aim, and strength of will. The main difference is that while the stage is exhibiting its character, society is passing its hypocrisy.

I suppose that in nine cases out of ten the debut of the society amateur is the most splendid piece of hypocrisy of our day. Her simper is art; her purpose is exhibition; her plea is work; her attainment, money. Her strength is show; her weakness is vanity. Her appeal is to good taste, but it only reaches curiosity and that diffused snobbery that admires whatever can get along without doing any work. She has dodged the penalties of the stage—the chief of which is toil—and the vulgar crowd has a sneaking tendency to worship the person who does this, whether in Wall street or in the wings.

But nothing that I know of can possibly be more vulgar than this appeal.

Certainly there is something admirable, not to say heroic, in the woman who, through long preparation, comes to this ordeal saying: "I have nothing to recommend me to your attention and favor but my fitness for the work. If you find that I am mistaken in my estimate of it, I shall begin work over again." Hundreds of women have so struggled, have failed and have gone away to other avocations and succeeded. Hundreds have succeeded.

I cannot see why in justice to the working women of the stage Mrs. Potter should not be held to a strict accountability for her talent.

A certain number of lickspittles will begin to count her jewels and measure her lace and chronicle her steps to the photographers, when she gets here.

One of the best tests of her earnestness will be her permission to do so.

So far as I have observed Mrs. Potter from the audience, I cannot recall anything in her work that promised starry effulgence. So far as I have observed her efforts to acquire notoriety, they have not been working efforts. The "Oatler Joe" episode appeared to be her turning point. If it did not get her into the ranks of the favored, it got her into the newspapers, and she seems to have thrown up her bonnet and cried, "Eureka! Now for the Prince."

From all this I judge that Mrs. Potter is not a vulgar democrat.

But I can't help wishing that she was, for the sake of a democratic profession of working-people.

NYM CRINKLE.

The New Broadway Theatre.

"The reports recently circulated that work on the New Broadway Theatre had been stopped owing to our disinclination to build according to the requirements of the Fire Department laws, is untrue in every particular," said Henry French to a MIRROR representative recently. "The alleyway necessary has been in the plans all along, as you can see for yourself, and there was no intention to build the theatre without it. The firm of J. and L. Weber, masons, who have built any number of the largest buildings in this city, have 160 men busy at work, and more men are to be put on as soon as there is room for them. The iron is to be delivered this week. All the contracts are signed. Not only that, but the money has been deposited in bank with which to meet the contracts, according to law.

"While I am denying statements that have no foundation in fact, I may as well say here that I am not concerned in any way in the production of Anarchy, and that I took no part in the festivities going on in Buffalo during the week of its production there. At the time I was in mourning, and consequently I did nothing more than attend the play on Mr. Mackay's invitation. Neither is it true that I control the late Mr. Robertson's comedies. Those plays were purchased by my father, Samuel French."



JOHNSTONE BENNETT.

THE "SALLY" IN "MONSIEUR."

the labor of climbing, then her social picnic in London was superfluous.

Possessing that instinct and a worthy ambition to excel in a worthy calling, she had no need of the adventitious aids of a court calendar and a Regent street trumpeter.

Devoid of them, she will do little more than create a temporary flutter of curiosity, and excite shallow pens to fresh outbursts of meaningless flattery.

At the best, the Prince of Wales trick is an imitation now. It has been overworked. There is a growing tendency here to kick at it. And measurably this feeling extends to the whole preparatory London finishing shop, where cable despatches are manufactured by the yard and criticisms cooked by the acre.

Nowhere in the world is the whole business of fashioning a reputation for the American market so cheaply and so expeditiously consummated, and it is a notoriously sad fact that

ority, got slapped metaphorically in the face in Kentucky for having sunk her convictions in her vanity.

The time has gone by when the *Athenaeum* can say, as it said of Christine Nilsson after her first visit here, that her trip to America had rubbed off her English refinement; and the manners of the English snobs have changed since Clara Louise Kellogg was told to go back and resume her schooling. They take their hats off to American ladies now with no other word of recommendation than American, and are inclined to take their shoes off to the American cowboys.

I can't help thinking that the stage here will, sooner or later, have to take up the fight of the world, which is the fight of labor and capital.

There is a certain kind of monopoly that is injuring theatrical art more than anything else.

It is the monopoly of social incompetency, well backed and stall-fed, rushing upon the

class. Most of their chaplets when they won them were wet with tears, and all their sunny heights were scaled on rocky and thorny paths.

The woman of society who has been nothing else regards the stage in her prosperity as something to be patronized by her pleasure and contented by her pride. In her adversity it is to be bought, and used. When her husband fails, she has one resource. She can wear her wardrobe in The Lady of Lyons with a proud consciousness that the town will be moved by the spectacle of gentility masquerading as ability. She brings to the workshop of the theatre the airs and indolence of the society pet. "I have always been courted and flattered in the parlor, but it didn't make me any money. I will now transfer my privileges to the footlights and earn an honest penny."

One of them announced, graciously, while

At the Theatres.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—ALLAN DARE.

The Prologue:

Simon Gale.....Jerome Stevens
Mr. Morton.....Eddie Hughes
Charles.....Johnny Hughes
Charles Gale.....J. E. Wilson
Dick Long.....Charles Forman
Agnes Gale.....Agnes Proctor
Mary.....Kate Burlingame
Ellis.....Louise Herkley

The Play:

Allan Dare.....Frank Carlyle
Robert le Diable.....Wilton Lackaye
Mr. Morton.....J. E. Wilson
George May.....J. B. Conway
Mungo Park.....W. H. Thompson
Hans Hummel.....Luka Martin
Chief of Police.....Robert Johnson
Louise Morton.....Louise Pomeroy
Agnes Gale.....Agnes Proctor
Mrs. Morton.....Kate Burlingame
Florence Carroll.....Kate Maloney
Mary Sampson.....

A dramatization of Admiral David D. Porter's romance, "Allan Dare," was produced by McKee Rankin during his management of the California Theatre in San Francisco. The play was arranged by George M. Dinmore, who had had some experience in putting novels into dramatic form. It found considerable favor with the public, greatly owing, no doubt, to the effective acting of the title role and Robert le Diable by Mr. Rankin and Frederic de Belleville, respectively. The metropolitan production of this work, under the auspices of Messrs. Miner and Rankin, took place on Monday evening at the Fifth Avenue, in the presence of the most distinguished assemblage the new season has yet congregated. Admiral Porter and General Sherman, Colonel Ingersoll and Dr. Robertson, Admiral Luce and others occupied the boxes, while the parquet was crowded with well-known actors, managers, journalists and men-about-town. A more judicious audience it would be impossible to conceive.

The play dragged wearily. Prolonged in plot, complicated in incident, vague in language, it proved to be insufferably dull and stupid, in spite of the desperate efforts of some very good actors to excite the interest of the spectators. In the desert of pointless verbiage there were some green oases, but so few and far between that the dreary five acts were not thereby rendered perceptibly less unrefreshing. The story is so burdened with counter-plot that the adventures of its two leading characters are involved in a mist of doubt. The structure, like the plot, is decidedly old-fashioned, and the odor of mould pervades it faintly.

The scene of the prologue is laid at Manchester-by-the-Sea in 1800. Where the Forest of Arden not long ago shaded the Banished Duke and his henchmen, the sword was trod by people garbed in the peculiar fashion of the time when this century was new. James Gale has been drowned at sea, and it is thought that a sum of money left in his care will fall into wrong hands. His twin sons, James and Charles, are spirited away by a rascally circus man, leaving the widowed mother with a small girl and no money.

The period of the play begins in 1850. The twins have been separated and reappear, one as Allan Dare a celebrated detective, the other as Robert le Diable, an equally celebrated thief. Allan has come from Paris to hunt down this same gentlemanly scoundrel who has always eluded him in the old country, and he attaches himself to the New York detective force. The wicked Charles Gale turns up as Mr. Morton, a well-to-do banker, while the brother who was supposed to have been lost comes to light as an old lunatic who mauls about imagining himself to be Mungo Park, the African traveller. Dare tracks Robert to his lair, but the latter, who is as quick at disguises as his pursuer, changes wig and coats with a companion and escapes the detective. Later he lays siege to the hand of Louise Morton and marries her clandestinely. Allan, however, arrests him as he is about to embark on a vessel to sail for more congenial climes. Then the discovery is made that they are brothers. Then follows a prison scene, wherein all the mysteries are cleared away, and as many of the loose ends tied up as is practicable.

The dramatizer, in endeavoring to retain the bulk of Admiral Porter's book, has tangled things to a perplexing extent. All the faults commonly found in dramatic versions of "plotty" novels are visible in Allan Dare. There is no skill seen in the arrangement, while the detached, incongruous slices of story that compose this theatrical sandwich are unpalatable and indigestible. Beautifully mounted, the performance affords some enjoyment merely as a show.

There is a good deal of picturesqueness in the period—the large-crowned beavers, small sleeved coats with full-bottomed skirts, and tight-fitting trousers of the men, and the high-waisted, beffed gowns of the women forming a novel and striking picture of the inhabitants of this good burgh some three-score years ago. The scenery is excellent, the set seen in the prologue and the view of the Palisades in Act Three being particularly beautiful. It is a pity that so much taste and money have been expended on such a flimsy play.

Mr. Carlyle made a very handsome and graceful hero. Some of the scenes he played with polished skill, but in others, where force was required, he was lamentably deficient. Mr. Lackaye gave a well-considered impersonation of Robert. He had all the suavity, elegance, and cat-like alertness associated with the character, while his slight French accent was natural and cleverly sustained at all points. Mr. Thompson gave an effective, if conventional, performance of Mungo Park—a part that would

be more agreeable to the audience were it a trifle less ubiquitous. Mr. Conway as George May was very good in his one strong scene. Mr. Martin as a cunning Dutch "fence" and J. E. Wilson as the designing Morton were both satisfactory. Mr. Johnson juggled with the lines of the Chief of Police in an amazing manner. We believe he spoke one consecutive sentence without halting or turning a verbal somersault.

Miss Pomeroy invested the role of Louise with considerable power. But she was artificial, kittenish, and too ripe in appearance to look the character. The other female parts were indifferently played.

The production of Allan Dare was somewhat grandiloquently announced as "a dramatic event of national importance." If it interests a sufficient number of local players to pay expenses during its career at the Fifth Avenue the management will be lucky.

Zozo drew a large house to the Windsor on Monday evening. The scenery is nearly all new and decidedly effective. The costumes are fresh and dazzling. The ballet is composed of young and comely girls. These features combined with the best cast the place has had, gave unlimited entertainment to the spectators. George H. Adams was clever in his specialties, and a handsome woman, Pauline Montegriffo, filled the title-role efficiently. Next week, Lost in London.

A great big audience welcomed J. K. Emmet at the People's Theatre on Monday evening; and the enthusiasm of the audience was in keeping with its proportions—great. When the ever-welcome Fritz came upon the scene in Our Cousin German the applause rattled the rafters. Fritz was in the best of form and in tune of voice, and he carried the audience with him in the alternation of the humorous and the pathetic. It was the same handsome, graceful Fritz about whom thousands of columns are written year after year. He is as nimble of foot as ever, and danced as skillfully as of yore. To listen to the plaudits and observe the enthusiasm of that vast audience of East-siders, one could not help but remark, What a magnetic man is this Emmet?

Mr. Emmet's supporting company is not of the best. Still, some exceptions must be made. W. A. Paul and Mart. Cody were excellent; so was Maud Peters. The tots were interesting, and charmed the ladies. Next week, Mrs. D. P. Bowers.

Zitka is the attraction this week at the Third Avenue, where it is enjoying a fair share of patronage. Mr. Miner's company is composed of several good actors. May Wheeler in the non-role made a hit by her clever acting, and received several calls. Fil Raymond as the Countess Petrosky was as handsome as a picture, and her acting was decidedly creditable. Harry Talbot was an acceptable Pierre. Next Monday Frank I. Frayne and his lions begin an engagement here.

Robert Downing is appearing this week as Spartacus in the play of that name to gratifying business at the Grand Opera House. Mr. Downing's vigorous personation of the Gladiator is commendable, and the company supporting is capable. The tragedy is well staged.

Monsieur will be succeeded at the Madison Square next Monday night by Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Mr. Mansfield builds great hopes on the success of this production. His exposition of the duality of the Doctor and his evil alter ego attracted marked attention when it was presented in Boston some time ago.

Bellman is running to a succession of good houses at Wallack's. The charming operetta is delightfully given.

There is to be a professional matinee of The Still Alarm to-day (Thursday) in deference to a general desire among professionals to see the realistic engine-house scene that has caught the town. The play has to be taken off Saturday in the flush of success, as Hoyt's Hole in the Ground is due on Monday next.

Mr. Cazauran has tinkered at One Against Many and striven to root out or cover up some of Mr. Gunter's defects. The piece goes somewhat better in its new form.

The 500th representation of Erminie was celebrated on Tuesday night with souvenirs, new topical verses and an incipient panic. The house was crowded with a brilliant audience and the performance, in spite of the scare that occurred during the first act, never went better. The souvenirs were pretty china plaques encased in miniature "V de B" valises. The cast and a picture of the Casino were fixed on the top and bottom. Preparations for The Marquis are going rapidly forward.

The Highest Bidder will go on another week at the Lyceum. The Great Pink Pearl is underlined for Monday week.

Held by the Enemy is playing to large business in its second week at the Star.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Calvert (Rose Roberts), two well-known English artists, have been engaged for Mrs. Langtry's company.

Mr. Cazauran Talks.

A. R. Cazauran was asked the other day by a MIRROR reporter what he thought or knew of the season's outlook.

"Of course," he replied, "the campaign for this city is of the first consequence. Outside business is merely an echo. In New York you will find more variety this Winter. Manager Palmer believes, for instance, that at least one of the three stock theatres in this city should be devoted to catering to New York people. In a word, that one of these theatres should cease to think of what will pay on the road, after it has been guided by the taste of New York residents alone. This view, of course, squashes the idea of long runs, which Mr. Palmer was one of the first to inaugurate; so that, instead of running one play for a year, and in order to keep his New York clientele, and avoid the necessity of depending on transient patronage, he would give a different play every three or four weeks. It is with this in view that Mr. Palmer has kept me so busy reading all plays presented to the theatre, in order that he may select therefrom a season's repertoire, which would include no less than eight or ten plays."

"How many plays do you handle?"

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us! How many do you suppose? Why, the numbers of plays presented from all sources, at the Madison Square Theatre, now averages three a day. Of these about one in fifty is fit to arrest attention, and about one in a thousand is fit to repay the attention given."

"What is the Madison Square programme for the season?"

"I have very little doubt that Mr. Palmer will give a short revival of Sir Charles Young's play, Jim the Penman, my own version of D'Ennery's Marivier and of Octave Feuillet's latest production, together with two or three plays by native American authors, among them one by Mr. Howells, the novelist. Matinees will again be given at the Madison Square for the purpose of testing new plays by American authors, and with much greater frequency than last season."

"In his conversations with me, Mr. Palmer has in no way pledged himself to the production of a play each month; but he thinks, and I believe correctly, that if the trinity of stock theatres in New York continue playing but one or two plays each season, it will not be long before we lack actors capable of acting at all, through lack of variety of instruction. They will simply stagnate."

"From what quarter do most of the plays come that are submitted to the theatre?"

"Why, we've received them from towns smaller than Haverstraw, and from cities almost as populous as Pekin. The writers vary in age, position and occupation. For instance, a boy ten years old sent us from Kalamazoo a tragedy in five acts, and followed it up with an adaptation of Racine's great French classic, 'Athalie.' We received a play once with the refreshing title of Mother, I Cannot Marry the Duke, and this came from a gentleman who styled himself 'a travelled man of the world, aged seventy-two.' And so it goes."

"Each play is first skimmed over. Then, if worthy, carefully read, and, if found to justify any time and attention, is finally laid on Mr. Palmer's desk. Each play, when returned to the sender, is accompanied by a letter explaining the cause or causes of refusal. It is sometimes very amusing to read the answers these people send back to the theatre when they find we can't use their stuff. The scorn they feel for the judgment of the Madison Square managers their limited capacity to express, but it reminds one of that *Don Quixote* of Douglas Jerrold. In returning a poem some one had sent him to read and review, he said to the author: 'My dear fellow, don't print that; it's no good.' The aspiring genius scornfully replied: 'That poem will be read, sir, when Milton will be forgotten.' 'Yes,' said Jerrold, 'but not till then.' So these play-makers regale us with vituperation, comparisons of their fustian with The Two Orphans, The Danicuffs and Miss Multon. That's the funny side."

"Now about the change, dramatically speaking, which public taste has undergone in the past few years. Don't you think it has deteriorated?"

"No, sir; most emphatically no. Quite the contrary is the case. In my judgment there never was a time when the popular taste was so keenly alive to really good productions and gave them a more intelligent welcome. There is to-day a greater veneration, too, for the legitimate, or Shakespearean, drama than ever before. What's the sense in trying to deny this when Edwin Booth, in his same old plays, and visiting the same old places, can wind up a season \$200,000 ahead? But, you must bear one thing in mind: It must be good acting in the legitimate drama that commands the dollars now."

"Why, just watch the enormous tide of travel each year to Europe, composed largely of the very class to which the legitimate drama must cater to succeed. They have seen acting in the great capitals of Europe, and you can't choke a charlatan or a humbug down their throats. They know the genuine article from the spurious; so that when Salvini, or Hothot, or Irving presents his dramatic wares for sale, the box-office does a lively business. Let us have another melodrama as fine as The Two Orphans (which the critics tried to kill, by the way) or another society play as strong as Diplomacy, and the theatrical balance-sheet will show the same gratifying results. There is, to be sure, a different market for which other wares must be found, and there will always be some one to supply it."

"And this," Mr. Cazauran went on to say, "with decided emphasis, 'leads up to another fact which has become startling to those who have eyes and use them. Before the war, while the old stock system was in vogue, the intelligence was behind the footlights; now it is in front. The dramatic fraternity has become lazy and listless. Honest and conscientious study has gone out of their lives. In the old days the actor was anchored; he had a home with its lovable restraints and surroundings; his life and character were part of the community in which he lived, and all that stimulated pride in his work. Throughout the season he would be called on to give his most intelligent support to the greatest artists of the day, whose supervision was close and critical. Your modern actor is a Bedouin. His season is nothing but a bohemian merry-go-round. Thumped and bumped from town to town, divested of all local ties, he goes tossing his trunk down stairs and following after it. With no assurance of steady success, added to every other discouragement, he simply drifts through the season, knowing no more, than

when it began, of the great principles of his art. While the actor, then, has been degenerating, the audience has been going ahead, and very rapidly, too, for the reasons I have already mentioned, until to-day the man behind the footlights faces a jury more critical and intelligent than himself. In other words, the decay of the stock system has entirely reversed the seat of dramatic intelligence."

"When are you going to dramatize The Tale of Two Cities?"

"I fear it is a hopeless task. It has been attempted many times and always failed. There is not in the whole range of fiction a more dramatic plot than Dickens has given us in that novel, and yet it is above the stage. So much that explains the action lies in the realm of mental analysis and phantasm, that you cannot reduce it successfully to the boards. Many attempts have been made, but always with the same results. A grand character, that Sydney Carton, yielding up his own life, as a willing sacrifice, for a woman who never gave him a smile of love. But how are you going to produce that dramatic game of cards with Barsad in the last act? Can't be done. In many other respects it is too lofty for the stage."

"Watts Phillips, in his great drama of The Dead Heart, made the nearest approach to it. Wallack, with a good support, took the role of Carton, and did it well. Edwin Adams tried it, too—a good actor and a tremendous favorite with the women. But they never made it go, and I believe the job is hopeless from the inherent obstacles in the plot itself."

"By the way, it is a curious fact in the history of the stage that no tragedy or melodrama, founded on the great events in France between 1789 and the time of the First Consulate, has ever done a paying business. Even Mrs. Lander, in her palmy days, made a financial failure in the spirited play of Charlotte Corday. But she is only one of fifty who tell the same tale. There is a fortune—and a big one—waiting for the playwright who can put that wild and stormy period on the stage in a way that will catch and hold the public taste."

Gossip of the Town.

Charles Bowser is engaged for Baron Rudolph.

Harry Miner sailed for America on Monday by the Elder.

Hal Clarendon has accepted an offer to support a soubrette star.

The New York School of Acting will begin its Fall session on Oct. 26.

The second production of the season at Wallack's will be the comedy M. P.

Minnie Hauk is reported to have signed for an American tour to begin this Fall.

Wright Huntington is cast for Louis Perceval in Jim the Penman, No. 3 company.

J. T. Maguire has been engaged as business manager of the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Manager J. M. Barron departed for Topeka last week with an excellent list of bookings.

Alfred Thompson has been engaged by Mrs. Langtry to stage all her coming productions.

Fred. Warde will produce Gaston Cadol, one of the Coquelin successes, at Pittsburg on Oct. 8.

Nat Goodwin and Lella Farrell arrived in Boston from England on the *Parthia* last Saturday.

J. B. Studley is busily rehearsing Winnett's Great Wrong company, which opens in Hoboken next week.

C. B. Bishop will next week assume the role of Bonham Cheviot in the Highest Bidder at the Lyceum Theatre.

W. F. St. Clair, formerly of Wallack's and other companies, arrived from England on the *Italy* on Thursday last.

The defection of J. H. Gilmour has brought about the selection of William Morris as leading man for Modjeska.

Maud Monroe, last season with the Streets of New York company, has been engaged for Mrs. Langtry's support.

A professional matinee of The Still Alarm will be given at the Fourteenth Street Theatre this (Thursday) afternoon.

Adelaide Moore, who plays the English provinces this season, has arranged for a season in London next Spring.

Eugene A. McDowell, who headed his own comedy company last season, is at liberty for light comedy, character and singing roles.

Jerome H. Eddy goes to Buffalo to attend the opening performance of the season of Booth and Barrett at the Academy of Music.

Harry Braham, who had been engaged some three months since for the role of Ben Chibbles in Hoodman Blind, arrived from England last week.

Lucille Meredith will be starred in a musical comedy season 83 g under the management of Lew Walters. Her comedian will be Milton Aborn.

Jacques Kruger has been engaged for Corried and Herrman's Vice-Admiral company, which opens its season on October 9 in Chicago.

D. G. Longworth has been engaged for Arthur Rehan's company in place of Owen Westford who goes with the Grass Widow company.

Walter Pleugh has been engaged to play a French part in As In a Looking Glass, which Mrs. Langtry produces at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Sept. 19.

Fred. de Belleville has just returned to the city from Glen Cove, where he has been spending the Summer, and is now rehearsing the leading role in Hoodman Blind.

Charles T. Ellis was tendered a reception by the press in Wilmington, Del., on Monday. Charles A. Wing is the business manager of Mr. Ellis' tour for F. F. Proctor.

The New Park Opera House at York, Pa., which is represented by Randall's Theatrical Agency, opened season on Sept. 3 with H. C. Jarrett's Lost in the Snow company.

John S. Clarke, the American comedian, is reported to be writing a book concerning his association with the theatres of London for twenty years as actor and manager.

Little May Dargan, last season with Neil Burgess, has been specially engaged to play the child Spartacus in Downing's company for two weeks in this city and Brooklyn.

Jim the Penman played the largest week's engagement by \$200 at the Grand Opera House last week of any company that ever played in the theatre since T. Henry French became its manager.

According to advices received by Charles Overton, the profit on the second week of Held by the Enemy at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, by the English road company, was £387 15s.

Fred. MacCabe, the English ventriloquist, monologist and lightning-change artist, whose performances have some years ago delighted American audiences, is reported to be about starting on a farewell tour of the world.

The souvenir presentation of Held by the Enemy at the Star Theatre on Tuesday evening of last week was so successful that it is the intention of the management to give another of a different style, before the close of the engagement.

The attractions at Tony Pastor's for the coming two months include Hallen and Hart's Ideals, Hicks and Sawyer's Colored Minstrels, Gus Hill's company, J. J. Sullivan in Black Thorn, Sheehan and Coyne in Grogan's Revelation, the Howard Athenaeum company and H. W. Williams' Specialty combination.

The proper pronunciation of the play to be produced at the Madison Square Theatre on next Monday night is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, not Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde. The name is Scotch, and Robert Louis Stevenson, the author of the book, who is also Scotch, is the authority for the pronunciation.

Robert Fraser arrived from Chicago, whither he had gone to superintend the production of Starlight at Hooley's Theatre, on Monday, and began work at once on Little Puck, which opens its season shortly. Mr. Fraser reports that both the play, Starlight, and the star, Veronika Jarbeau, have made undoubted successes.

Emma V. Sheridan will not be able to play Rebecca Moor in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde at the opening performance at the Madison Square Theatre next Monday evening, as she is still ill at Winthrop, Mass., where she has been spending the Summer. The management have cast Katherine Rogers for the role, while Josephine Rogers will play the part of Mrs. Dr. Lanyon.

DOCKSTADER'S.

Evenings at 8:30. Saturday matinee at 2.

MAGNIFICENT MINSTRELTY.

Great Local Burlesque.

THE FALL OF NEW HAVEN.

DOCKSTADER vs KING HEWITT.

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FORTY PEOPLE.

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Chorus of 40. Orchestra of 24.

Mr. Jesse Williams, Musical Director.

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Every Evening at 8:30. Saturday matinee at 2.

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Every evening at 8. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

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Laurens and Manager, Mr. T. H. French.

Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.

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ROBERT DOWNING as SPARTACUS.

Next week—Louis Jans and Marie Walworth.

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Mr. A. M. Palmer, Sole Manager.

Evenings at 8:30. Saturday Matinee at 2.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

In his new comedy, MONSIEUR.

Sept. 12—Dr. JEKYLL and Mr. HYDE.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th Avenue and 2d Street.

DANIEL FROHMAN, Manager.

LAST TWO WEEKS OF THE COMEDY.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

Sept. 19—THE GREAT PINK PEARL.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 4th St.

Mr. Lester Wallack, Sole Proprietor and Manager.

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John A. McCaull, Proprietor and Manager.

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Admission 50c. Matinee Saturday at 2.

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The triumphal success continues unabated.

PRICES, 10c to \$1. SEATING CAPACITY, 2,500.

Matinee Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

This Week, H. C. MISERS. ZITKA.

Next week, FRANK FRAYNE in MARINER.

The Giddy Gusher.



If I had the price, I would be the owner of He before sundown. That howling combination of imbecility and theology, the New York Bible Society, is sending missionaries to the North Pole and establishing colporteurships at the Torrid Zone, when here at our very doors is a little heathen to begin work on—better raw material than they can ever find. And we can all see the good work he goes on.

My acquaintance with He began Monday afternoon. Together with it, He had seen One Against Many at the Union Square, and it had proved one too many for poor He, who went home and gave up his nondescript ghost. Therefore it was in his lonely bereaved condition that we met. He and I almost immediately formed an attachment for each other. There was no craze on the door of Reiche's bird bazar and salamander salon when I reached it, but it was shut up, and only for a bell's pilgrimage of condolence would have been thrown away.

I have a very hearty respect for one of the younger Mr. Reiche since one nice day, a year or so ago, when I saw, as I left the Brooklyn Bridge, a great crowd gathered in the City Hall Park. Naturally I went over to take a hand in. Behold, there in the sun, ringed by a thousand people, was the nastiest, biggest, wickedest old serpent that ever struck New York. Some porter from Reiche's place was wheeling the beast from a steamer to Chatham street. The whole business had come to grief and Mr. Snake had burst open his cage, come forth, and lazily stretched himself out. The sun was making him sportive, and he whipped his tail invitingly about, and whichever way he looked the crowd fled before his glance alone. Policemen were there, but of no avail. Here was something they couldn't run in. All of a sudden the crowd parted and a young man, followed by several aids, faced the dirty beast. He marched up at the side from the rear. With a piece of sacking he grabbed Mr. Snake behind his ears. One of the other men took up about four feet of serpent, another four, and so on along the length of him, and the procession started. It was as neat a conqueror has been seen since William the Conqueror took things straight.

I desired to see this Mr. Reiche as well as the curiosities, but found an agreeable and courteous guide in Mr. Kunze, who represented him. I went and looked at the ugliest cuss that ever tried land or water as an abiding-place—a salamander. It is said that the very air that blows across 'em is poison, and I had a sore throat come on while I gazed at his hideousness. Then I made acquaintance with a cinnamon nightmare of a cat. This is no tea-table tabby that would beguile an old lady of her tenderest affection, but a spitting, scratching, venomous little brute whose hair was up all the time, whose abnormally long tail did the stovepipe act incessantly. What a cat! A feline cyclone. I wouldn't give much for her neighbors—a black bear and a hilarious hyena—if ever that infernal pussy gets out.

Then the pleasant little gentlemen piloted me up some stairs that had no banisters, and would be jolly things to climb after a few hours with the boys, and we entered the room where Reiche has his remarkable man monkey. About the size of a year-old child, dressed in a knit shirt, petticoat and high neck waist, sitting in a big, clean, wooden cage—there was the poor dear He! I loved him from the start. He pressed his face down against the bars till I asked to have him to hold. This creature has not the sinewy arms and legs of a monkey. They are symmetrical and like a well-made baby's. His back is just like a child's—just a little reddish. Short hair grows thinly on his body. His eyes, though near together, are large, pathetic and intelligent. His mouth is wide and has a full set of teeth occupying it. His weak feature is his nose; it's an Arkansas traveller nose—a much demoralized nose—but his head is the head of a human being, and I can't get it out of my mind that it only I had the chance I could make a Howell Osborne or a Berry Wall out of that interesting little creature. Its affectionate nature is not to be described; it responded with a smile to a caress, and it broke into sobs and cries when I came away. It would press its poor blue lips against my cheek and move them as if trying to kiss in Christian fashion.

It wrings my heart to think that He may be sitting in a pair of spangled pants beside a fat woman in a museum the next I hear of

him, when he ought to be receiving an education that would qualify him to drive a dog-cart and lead a german.

Dear Mr. Snake-Catching Mr. Reiche, if you will let me have He I will undertake to pay you on the eve of his marriage to some society belle a percentage of the fortune she brings him—which will far surpass the price you ask for him out and out as a curiosity.

Know ye the land where the women in public are tongue tied, demure and unnaturally good; where they keep up a custom they learned from their mothers, and still make their dear little nutmegs of wood? (Fo' de Lord, that begins like a battle hymn!) Well, if you don't, I can give you its first name—Connecticut. More backsliding Christians, more egg-shell saints, live in that State, I do believe, than in all the rest put together.

I've just been up to the races in Hartford, and if ever an effort was made to amalgamate psalms and sin it was on exhibition there. They didn't exactly open the services with prayer, but if you had seen those pea-green alpaca class leaders sitting up like bottles of pepper-sauce at a clam-roast, you would have expected it.

As far as one can judge, the condition of the Connecticut woman approaches more nearly to that of the soulless Persian than any other. It is supposed she can carry beans enough in her crop, like a camel, to last a three days' meeting.

The Hartford man says "Wal! let's liquor" between all the heats. The Hartford woman sits on a board five or six mortal hours and wonders if she couldn't hold two pots of tea, and thinks of that doughnut she saw in the pantry just before she left home. Then she whispers to her neighbor that she thinks Patron will win, because she sees on the score he has "just been and made two hundred and nineteen." There's no provision provided for provender for women; only men and horses are watered and fed at Hartford races. I got so dry I couldn't have made a sound if they had struck up "Old Hundred."

A New York man told me he'd bet a plunker every woman had a bottle; so I fell back in a beautiful fainting fit and twenty-six women had camphor and thirty-one hartshorn. The nearest approach to relief was an old lady with a pint of rum and arnica she carried in case of sprains. But she was so taken up with Pat Sheedy she forgot to offer it. (All the old ladies tried to flirt with Sheedy and Budd Doble.) Gracious! I would like to show those chromos a racing picture in old England, where the best mothers, wives and daughters in the land open their hamper between heats, publicly drink and eat and have a jolly time.

They ought to go to Jerome Park and see the Christian women of New York stream across to the club house and swarm about the piazzas, acknowledging in the best way that they are properly constructed human beings, not imitations, like those cleverly turned wooden things—scented up to pass for real nutmegs. You never came so near losing your Gusher by drought as you did this season. She will take in the Asbury camp-meetings, with their drug-store whiskey; she will attend the annual Quaker business 'round in Stuyvesant Park; she will get Judge Charles P. Daly to let her sit on the grand stand at his great geographical circus performance; she will try lobster salad and ice-cream washed down with lemonade at one of those deadly lively seances of Sorosis—but she will never run the dreadful risks of Connecticut race-tracks again.

They had a starter at the Hartford races who, like young Lochinvar, came out of the West. If ever he behaves on a New York judges' stand as he did in the pulpit of the Charter Oak meeting, the first thing started somewhat in advance of the horses will be a gentleman by the name of Smith.

Well, let's discuss something livelier than those races were. If ever your G. G.'s euphonious cognomen appears in print beside J. M. Hill's, make up your mind she's been greatly improved and thoroughly overhauled. Mr. Hill never takes hold of anything, be it a theatre, a play or a person, that some grand alteration is not immediately made. When he panned the lobby of the Union Square, some time ago, with porphyry and chalcidony and other fine bits of polished geology, he longed for more space, and used to go look at the little tailor-shops and livery stables in the neighborhood and dream of annexation and try to let himself out. He never went into the old Punch and Judy proscenium boxes that he didn't have a spasm of luxurious alteration attack him. I knew he'd do it, and he has. That tough old theatre has come under the wand. No more do the self-shooting inquisition back chairs go off with fatal effect in the auditorium; no longer do those proscenium pens exist. (A M. Palmer once thought of lettering 'em "Take home a fry in a box," the quotation seemed so appropriate.) A tidal wave of crimson plush seems to have swept over the place, and a shower of buttons descended and prevented its retreat. Anything richer than the ruby splendor that has wiped out the ghastly plainness of the old theatre could not be imagined. Jim Collier has moved his chair round from the Broadway side to bask in the refulgent splendor that streams into the street every

time the doors swing open. Shed Shook got color-blind contemplating the curtain, and scared folks in the Morton House bar when he vowed they had made his gin-fizz of Burgundy.

Well, nothing J. M. Hill does astonishes me. If he buys the Star next season to make a stage entrance from Broadway, or roofs in Union Square so his audience can take exercise outside on stormy nights, it would only be in keeping with his liberality and big ideas.

That was a fond old heart that ceased to beat last week in Boston—when Mrs. Vincent died. One of the maddest minutes I ever experienced was when listening to dear Ned Sothorn's description of her foolish love for a man named Wilson, and all she did for him during many years, only to be rewarded by the basest ingratitude.

Mrs. Vincent had accumulated money by a long life of industry and prudence. She had a pleasant home, and she took this fellow into it. He married her I believe. For years he was her idol, and he pretended to return her affection till he concluded a younger woman in the company suited him better. He deserted her. Sothorn, who was her warm friend, went to see her and found her keeping the moths out of Johnny's pants and papering Johnny's shoes, confident those errant legs and wandering feet would return one day to fill 'em. But they never did. If she left any property and he has any chance of getting it, he'll come skipping after it if he's on top of earth. No doubt of that.

Dear old Mrs. Vincent! Till the very last she loved her unworthy boy, and went to her grave not quite undeceived, but believing some unnatural influence was exerted to rob her of him and his valuable affections.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, August 24.

As foreshadowed in my last letter, The Royal Mail duly arrived at the Standard on Thursday night, and as it will in all probability be seen on your side of the water within the next few weeks, I may as well give you some sort of a notion what it is you are to expect. The ingenious John Cobbe, whom you will remember as Wilson, not Lawrence, Barrett's advance agent during a recent transatlantic tour, has formed an alliance with an "Anglo-American Attraction Agency," on whose behalf he has bought the American rights not only of The Royal Mail, but also of that piece's predecessor, A Dark Secret, which, according to present arrangements, will be produced at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Sept. 3. John Douglas, proprietor of the Standard, and author of both these plays, is under engagement to go out and produce them; but at the time of writing is understood to funk the voyage considerably. The Dark Secret and The Royal Mail have one thing in common, namely, *videlicet*—that is to say, a Tank. Herein was represented, some eleven months ago, a counterfeit presentment of Henry Regatta, with real sculling boats and real scullers and real swans and a real steam-launch—all of which, with their respective *faites et gestes*, were duly chronicled by me for the entertainment of MIRROR readers.

But if these pieces have a Tank in common, they have nothing else, always excepting, of course, the substratum of wild improbability without which no Standard piece would be complete. The Dark Secret is chockfull of horrors of the most horrible kind; whereas The Royal Mail has but one, and that partakes more of low-comedy business than anything else. In revenge for this, perhaps, The Royal Mail's Tank (like the chest-of-drawers which at night turned itself into a truckle-bed) contrives a double debt to pay. In the prologue it represents a catarract on the River Irrawaddy, in Upper Burma—and represents it very realistically, too, let me tell you—while in the last act it bears upon its bosom the waters of the Bristol Channel that time terrible storm is agitating them in such sort that a steamer is being wrecked somewhere on the O. V. side of the house, while a life-boat, heavily laden with rescued passengers, makes laboriously for the prompt shore, dropping overboard some of its living freight en route, in order that the items thus jettisoned may incontinently save themselves by swimming and make it plain for all men to see that the Bristol Channel as represented at the Standard Theatre contains Real Water.

To describe the plot of The Royal Mail would not be practicable, if this letter is to consist of anything else whatsoever. Besides, the more I told you of it the more incomprehensible it would seem. The Royal Mail will have to stand or fall by its Tank, which fortunately for all concerned, is a very excellent thing of its kind. The prologue, which consists of several scenes, takes place in Burma, where the villain of the piece, who is apparently an Irish irreconcilable, is disguised as a Burmese spy, in order the better to work his wicked will upon two unfortunate colonels. In effect he shoots one and leaves the other for dead, and then makes tracks for England, home and beauty. The villainy of this villain is such that when he gets home he persuades the widow of one of the colonels to marry him—partly, as it seems, on the ground that her late husband shot the other colonel. When the villain has got this foolish woman's money, he treats her brutally and tries to marry some one else. In all his villainy he is assisted by

a comic villain, who is supposed to have been divorced by the leading lady, who is also of humorous tendencies. Of course the colonel who was left for dead is not really dead at all. In point of fact, he has come home in a Royal Mail steamer in order to give some reason for the title of the piece. It is but fair to admit, though, that before this latter episode arrived, the Heavy Villain and his comic accomplice had jointly attempted to rob a Royal Mail cart—in order not only to give additional reason for the play's title, but also to abstract rubies which are being remitted from Burma per parcel post by the colonel who isn't dead to his widow who has married again. By the time this piece reaches the domain of Uncle Sam it will in all probability have been rechristened The United States Mail, and will, I daresay, when some of its present absurdities have been lopped off and the rest have been judiciously localized, prove tolerably attractive to American audiences.

The scenery is, as usual at the Standard, very fine, and the two chief scenes—the catarract on the Irrawaddy and the storm off Swan sea—are really triumphs of stage realism.

As to the acting, honors were divided between Amy Steinberg (who is Mrs. John Douglas) and Richard Purdon. Mr. Purdon represented the comic villain already alluded to, and Mrs. Steinberg the wife who has divorced him. It is but fair to admit that they had the bulk of the "fat." Of the rest I may say, with the tricky trio in Ruddygore, that they really didn't matter, matter, matter.

This week there has been horse-play at the Avenue Theatre. Professor Crocker and a band of educated horses whom he, with cheerful disregard of all rules of etymological derivation, styles "Equirationalis," have started a show, with which—as I fancy I mentioned in my last—Mr. Kelly, the Hawthorne manager, is not wholly unconnected. I dare say New Yorkers already know all about these horses and their tricks and their manners; therefore I will not take up space by discoursing on that head. I will say, however, that they are the cleverest troupe of their kind that I have yet seen, and that Crocker deserves all possible credit for the culchaw which he has contrived to impart to his pupils. Whether the show will pay is, however, quite another pair of shoes. If you want my candid opinion, I should say that it certainly will not. The prices charged are considerably too steep, and even though their altitude were reduced by one-half, there is not enough variety in the show to keep it going for five minutes as a paying concern. As an ordinary circus "turn," Crocker's horses would catch on here or anywhere, but they need sandwiching with something else to keep the game alive.

At the press view on Saturday night they had nothing but bad music—badly played music, I mean—and the result was eminently depressing. Crocker—or is it Kelly?—seeks to boom the business by inviting the whole of the Wild West—Cody, cowboys, Shoshones, squaws and all—to come and see the show early next Friday morning. They have accepted with effusion—and it is thought by some that unless special measures of deodorization are subsequently resorted to, the people who come at night will have reason to curse Crocker or Kelly's method of advertisement.

And talking of the Wild Westers reminds me that their phenomenal success still continues. The "Honorable" Bill is really scooping in the dollars—if not exactly at the rate of 10,000 a day, as stated by him in a letter to some old-time pard in San Francisco, and duly published in the local *Argonaut*, at all events in very respectable quantities. In this letter the "Honorable" Bill was off in his views with quite refreshing frankness, and as these have now been reprinted into many English papers their exposition is not likely to stem the tide of popular favor with which Cody and his cow punchers have hitherto been regarded.

John A. Stevens opens at the Opera Comique next Saturday with his new drama, A Secret Foe. He will be supported by Carlotta Leclercq and Dorothy Dene and Julian Cross. Agnes Hewitt will reopen the Olympic on Monday with Cecil Raleigh and E. C. Carton's new melodrama, The Pointman. Raleigh, by the way, is coming over to New York to produce The Great Pink Pearl at your Lyceum. He sails this day week for that purpose.—Lydia Thompson will, to ward the end of September, open the Strand with Alfred Cellier's Sultan of Mocha written up to date by W. Lescot. Her company will include Violet Cameron and Henry Bracy—Palgrave Simpson, a well-known playwright, died on Friday last, aged eighty-two, and was buried yesterday at St. Thomas' Catholic Cemetery, Waltham Green. His contributions to dramatic literature were numerous, but he will chiefly be remembered for his share in the authorship—or adaptation—of All for Her, A Scrap of Paper, World and Stage and Second Love.—Devil Caresfoot, fired out of the Strand for some reason which has not yet been made public, has found a temporary home under the ample wing of Violet Melnotte at the Comedy.

Violet intends, I believe, to rely in future rather upon comedy than comic opera. Among her early ventures will be The Harrister (by George Manville Fenn and Darnley, an actor belonging to the present Adelphi company) and a version of the recent Palais Royal success. Darand et Darand—Aquatus Harris opens Dury Lane with Pleasure on Sept. 3. One of his big scenes will be a representation of the Carnival at Nice and the Bataille des Fleurs—winding up with an extra fine and large earthquake.—Mrs. James Brown Potter will play Loyal Love at the Gaiety for a week longer than was originally intended—that is to say, until Sept. 3. She would have dried up before now, only receipts have picked up a bit within the last few nights. When Mrs. J. B. P. clears out of the Gaiety, John F. Sheridan will come in with his semipternal Fun on the Bristol. John arrived in London last Sunday from Australia, and describes himself as going strong and well. He informs me that Fun, etc., has been revised and written up to date in such a way as hardly to be recognizing its humor. Not only has it been confined into two acts, but all manner of new business has been introduced. John, of course, plays the immortal Widow O'Brien, and May Livingstone (Mrs. Sheridan) doubles her original part of the black girl Popsy with the white-faced Dora. It is intended to run Fun on the Bristol at the Gaiety for one month. If it

falls to catch on, John has up his sleeve a little musical piece called Nap, with which he believes he can knock 'em.

Early in October will be produced at the Gaiety a burlesque entitled Esmeralda; or, The Monk and the Monkey, by A. C. Torr and W. Mills. The Torr section of these collaborators is a *nom de guerre* for Fred Leslie, the inimitable Noirtier of Monte Cristo Junior. In the cast of Esmeralda will be found Fannie Leslie, E. J. Lonnien, Fred. Thornton and other capable people. It will perhaps be preceded by a two-act farcical comedy from the pen of Sydney Grundy.

The Christmas piece at the Gaiety will be a melodramatic burlesque, by Richard Henry, of the story of Frankenstein. Nellie Farrer will play Frankenstein, and Fred. Leslie will represent the Monster which that sprightly savant manufactures. These artists will be supported by Arthur Williams, E. T. Lonnien, Frank Thornton and many other admirable comedians. The piece will be magnificently mounted by George Edwards and the staging will be in the competent hands of Charles Harris.

Apropos: Howard and Bashford, managers of the Haymarket, are insolvent. Their theatre will pass into other hands. The hands—or, rather, the owners of the hands—I have yet to learn.

Joseph Arthur and Harry Lacy are about concluding arrangements for the production of The Still Alarm in London the coming Winter. The business done has been unprecedented, making the play as one of the popular successes of the season. By Monday about all the seats in the house had been sold up to Saturday night. Congratulatory letters and telegrams have been received from managers all over the country, and as the managers feel that the piece could run all Winter they have been attempting to buy off the coming attractions, but without success. From this city the play goes to Pittsburgh and Brooklyn and then to the People's Theatre, where the managers will try to secure a theatre for a long run in New York. If they are unsuccessful, the play will be put on at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in April for an extended engagement.

Ben Maginley, whose voice has been troubling him all Summer on account of a twisting of the vocal chords, has placed himself under the care of a prominent New York physician, and applications of electricity are being made to his throat daily. As a consequence his voice is improving daily, and he is now thought to be almost completely cured.

Professional Doings.

—Joseph Handel, musical conductor, is at liberty for the season.

—James E. Moore has been engaged as treasurer of the Ivy Leaf company.

—Mr. and Mrs. Archie Cowper have engaged with Fanny Davenport.

—Louis S. Moran has been engaged as musical director of the Clio company.

—D. R. Young does not go with Louise Balle's company as has been reported.

—Charles Benton has become manager of the new Grand Opera House at Buffalo, N. Y.

—Wood Patton, of Dayton, O., has been engaged as treasurer of the MacCollins Opera company.

—Dan Williams has left the Circus in Town company to join Frances Bishop in Muggs' Landing.

—Mabel Stanton has joined Fleming's Around the World in Eighty Days as leading lady.

—T. H. Winnett has retained his brother, George W., as manager of his Passion's Slave company.

—A good attraction is wanted for Sept. 15-16-17 (one matinee) at the Theatre Belknap, Bridgeport, Ct.

—Ida Mullen has joined the Broderick Opera company to play the part of Rose Maybode in Ruddygore.

—Charles F. Pidgeon has gone to law with Eugene Tompkins over the right to the title of A Run of Luck.

—May Wade, Lulu Hamilton and T. C. Hamilton are re-engaged with Edwin Mayo's Davy Crockett company.

—The Cincinnati managers propose to continue Sunday performances in defiance of the Law and Order League.

—It is possible that Kelly, the baseball player, may play a short season in one of Hoyt's skits during the coming Winter.

—Thelmitacles, the opening attraction at the Grand Opera House Cincinnati, is a new play by W. J. Shaw, author of Caught in a Corner.

—William King, former press agent of the Cincinnati Zoo, will act as advance agent of the newly organized American Dramatic Co-operative Association.

—H. S. Sanderson writes: "I am pleased to say that Tony Pastor's business at Albany for the last half of last week surpassed the record of Jacobs and Froese's houses."

—H. M. McCloud, manager, wants good attractions, on share or rent, for the Amherst (Mass.) Opera House. Amherst has the reputation of being a liberal patron of the theatre.

—Koma Under Nero, the great spectacle now being presented at Cincinnati by the Ordo of Cincinnati, will be continued until Sept. 17. The nightly attendance ranges between six and seven thousand.

—The Howard Athenaeum Specialty company will play at rehearsal at Buffalo, N. Y., on Monday morning, Sept. 19.

—C. E. Callahan wires that Lizzie Evans turned people away at the old Theatre, Pittsburgh, on Monday night. Star and Our Angel made a hit, and a big week's business is assured.

—Lillian Lewis opens her season at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Sunday night, Sept. 21. She will open the new Mountain City Theatre now being built at Altoona, Pa., Dec. 3, remaining a week. Christmas week will be played at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

—Brvan O'Leary, of Ben Maginley's Inhabitable company, was formerly the Guide in McAvoy's Hibiscus. Mr. Maginley looks upon him as a coming Irish comedian.

—Hettie Bernard Chase, in Rags the Wildcat, has two weeks open—Oct. 24 and 31—between Toronto, Ont., and Nashville, Tenn. The address of her manager, Charles W. Chase, is Oakbrook, Wis. Miss Chase is meeting with gratifying success in her new play.

—The season at the new Mountain City Theatre, Altoona, Pa., will open on Dec. 7. No expense has been spared to make this one of the most complete theatres in the country. W. S. Plack, the manager, has a few open dates for good attractions.

—Norman and Landis, the Chicago scenic artists, claim that work from their studio may be seen in over one thousand places of amusement in this country. And, judging from notes taken thereof by Misses correspondents, their claim seems to be well grounded.

—Julia Anderson's company, which has just started on the road, comprises the following: Willard Lee, George A. Welby, William B. Murray, Walter H. Crosby, James W. Foster, Arthur Goldsberry, Hattie E. Hawley and Anna McGregor. W. F. Lewis is the business manager.

—Monroe and Rice's company's in My Aunt Bridget will comprise George W. Monroe, John C. Rice, Edward Kane on, Robert J. Ward, Tony Murphy, Thomas Riv, Edward Johnson, James Carroll, Philip Riley, Sally Conen, Helen J. Well, Polly Carey and Katie Gerald. Leonard Wales is musical director. The company opens at Catskill, N. Y., on Sept. 10. Roland G. Pray is in advance.

—The New Grand Opera House at Buffalo will be christened on Monday, Sept. 19. Lillian Ullott is the actress who will be the attraction. The new house is a very handsome structure. It is situated on Washington street, opposite the Trift House. It is 90 feet front by 150 feet. It has a stage 65x90, with a height of 60 feet. The seating capacity is 2,250 exclusive of the box seats. The interior decorations are luxurious. Twenty dressing-rooms are fitted up with every modern convenience. The house was finished in ninety days from the first turning of the sod. T. E. Seelbach is the manager and Charles Benton business manager.

PROVINCIAL. PHILADELPHIA.

There was a good attendance at the Chestnut Street Theatre all the week to witness the performance of *Rehearsal* by the Redmond-Barry com. The drama proved to be a version of the Huguenot Captain, familiar to old play-goers. It is a very good play, and the acting is excellent. The play is a comedy, and is not a specially good thing. Jarboe works hard with song and action to make it go, and succeeds in the endeavor. As a play *Starlight* is nothing, but with the songs and dancing of the stars and the cleverly written affair. There is no plot, and all the story is in the first act.

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ST. LOUIS.

The opening of the regular season at the Grand Opera House, August 12, was made doubly interesting by the first production of a new drama from the fertile pen of Milton Nobles. For many years Mr. Nobles has been an established favorite with all classes of St. Louis theatre-goers, and the success of his new play, *Starlight*, filled the theatre with a cultivated and friendly audience. The full title of Mr. Nobles' last play is *From Sire to Son*; or, *The Hour and the Man*, and the cast was as follows:

Mabel Armitage, wife of Alfred, known as Mabel Oakley. Oakley, John Oakley, Mabel Armitage, daughter of Alfred and Mabel Oakley. Dolie Nobles. Mrs. Amanda Stockup, of Yuba Hotel. Aurelia Stockup. Mrs. Walden. May Harrell. Anna. Florence Vinton. Mr. Mandrake. Maurice Pike. Hamilton Mandrake. Maurice Pike. Peter Grimes, Postmaster. Louis F. Howard. Jones Hardy, a gambler. Henry D. Clifton. Job Cadwallader, Sheriff. Charles Canfield. August Walden. John H. Mortimer. Abe Isaac. John H. Ready. Bud McKinstry. John H. Wright. Parsons. D. S. Furell. Bill Yokum. Alfred Armitage (John Oakley). Milton Nobles.

The story may be thus briefly outlined: The first act is located at the village of Yuba, Cal., in 1865, and introduces most of the principal characters, among others Alfred Armitage (under the assumed name of John Oakley), a gambler, and Mabel, the wife of John Oakley. The characters of the two men cannot be better illustrated than by a quotation from the play. During a quarrel, Jonas, speaking to John, says: "Oh, I know we are made of different material. You were born a gambler, and I was born a gambler, and I follow it from instinct and inclination, and I expect to live on velvet and die in a prison. You were born a gambler, and I was born a gambler, and I follow it from instinct and inclination, and I expect to live on velvet and die in a prison."

Upon the cast collectively praise must be bestowed. The play is strongly constructed, and the parts are of very unequal strength. The most important and qualified praise must certainly be given to Henry Walden, whose personation of Stephen Norton, the vulgar and wicked son of the guardian uncle, was worthy of the highest commendation. He carried his audience here that will not be forgotten. Joseph L. Mason, as the old uncle, Jonas Norton, had by far the most trying role, but acquitted himself with great credit. He was somewhat too much in the manner of a comedian, and his dialogue lacked delicacy, it possessed breadth, and that was the quality mostly required. George Backus as Arthur Loates, Jonas Norton's solicitor, had a part of small importance, but gave it full value. Some of the best lines of the play were spoken by him. He showed how worthy he was of a better part. Frank Lane, as Martin Brooke, of Oxford, the 'over of Mabel, had surprisingly little to do, but did it well. However, he made the diva, and the strongest of the different types, were personally and artistically well represented. Mabel and May Nugent acceptably filled the small role of a Gypsy girl. Gabrielle de Saint-Madame in the role of the French Governor, was very effective, but was a popular rather than an artistic triumph. I am usually opposed to the introduction of non-professionals in a cast, but here lines were so well arranged for the appearance of George Loates, the comedian, and he appeared and conducted himself so modestly following the applause that greeted his entrance, that I was quite reconciled to his presence. The play has made a great hit; it is bound to succeed and make money. It will run for a full value. It remains here two weeks.

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CHICAGO.

The city seems to have jammed at one bound into the midst of the regular season. All the theatres are now open, or will be before this is in print, and all of them appear to be doing a flourishing first week's business. The Arabian Nights closed a successful season at the Grand Opera House, and will soon unfold its beauties in New York. Thomas W. Keene will open the regular season at this house in *Richelieu*, and follow that up with a round of the *Fortunio*. The *Star* said to be strong, and Keene himself is as robust as ever. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence delighted large audiences at McVicker's in *Our Governor*, and remain another week. Lotta follows in the comedy *Pawlick*, ticket No. 110. The name will draw a goodly crowd alone, as no one of us have had one of em cancelled out on our person at some time or another.

The Grand opened in a blaze of glorious new fittings, franchises and manager, with *A. T. Soldier*, and after a week of big business *A Rag Baby* was put on. *Charley Reed*, the whilom black face comedian, made a hit as *Old Sport*, and will be just as great a comedian in white-face as he was in the cork. He is a original and funny. The *Rag Baby* remains another week, and then McN. J. and L. Minstrel co. e.

The Columbia begins what is thought by many to be a new line of life and popularity with a reconstructed edition of *Evangeline*. It has served to fill the house

and will remain another week. My Geraldine, with Mrs. Boucalt, 12. Hooley's Theatre, made fresh and bright for the new season, opened with *Vernona Jarboe* in her new comedy, *Starlight*. It was received by a large audience, but is not a specially good thing. Jarboe works hard with song and action to make it go, and succeeds in the endeavor. As a play *Starlight* is nothing, but with the songs and dancing of the stars and the cleverly written affair. There is no plot, and all the story is in the first act.

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BALTIMORE.

The second week of Bristol's Equestrianism at Ford's Opera House was a repetition of the big houses and the enjoyable programme of the week before. On Monday night *W. U. & Co.* opened to a jolly well-filled house. Next, *W. U. & Co.* presented *The Holiday Soldier*. The theatre opened for the season on Monday night with the first production in this country of the domestic drama, *Lost in the Snow*. Great preparations have been made for this production; new and elaborate scenery has been painted by Charles J. Gett, new music and choruses written by Adam Izel, Jr., and the co. has been in rehearsal for some time. Next, Redmond and Barry co.

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All the places of amusement in the city are now open and doing good business. At the Museum The Dominie's Daughter has made a decided success, and will be continued for a further season. Mrs. Vincent has been engaged to take the place left vacant by Mrs. Vincent. At the Boston City Theatre a good attendance. Jim the Penman has the stage at the Park, and at the Globe the Redmond-Barry co. is doing *Rehearsal*. At the Howard J. J. Dowling and Sadie Hassan are running *Nobody's Claim*.

The second week of Bristol's Equestrianism at Ford's Opera House was a repetition of the big houses and the enjoyable programme of the week before. On Monday night *W. U. & Co.* opened to a jolly well-filled house. Next, *W. U. & Co.* presented *The Holiday Soldier*. The theatre opened for the season on Monday night with the first production in this country of the domestic drama, *Lost in the Snow*. Great preparations have been made for this production; new and elaborate scenery has been painted by Charles J. Gett, new music and choruses written by Adam Izel, Jr., and the co. has been in rehearsal for some time. Next, Redmond and Barry co.

The run of good business still keeps up at the Monumental Theatre, and on Monday night Andy Hughes

American and European Specialty co. began the week with an audience that filled the theatre. Next week, *Marcella's* *Comopolitan Congress*. The *Star* says that the *Star* is a very good play, and is not a specially good thing. Jarboe works hard with song and action to make it go, and succeeds in the endeavor. As a play *Starlight* is nothing, but with the songs and dancing of the stars and the cleverly written affair. There is no plot, and all the story is in the first act.

The People's Theatre has started on another wild career of prosperity. It has been packed since the opening. John Dillon was last week in a new piece, *Wanted—The Earth*, and the way the money came in at the box office was proof that he will soon get it. This week, *Ranch King*. The Academy of Music had a prosperous week with *My Geraldine*, and this week the house ought to be crowded, for Milton Nobles will present a new play, *From Sire to Son*. The Standard had an opera, *doing Erminia*, Merry War and other musical works; but there was very little singing done by the troupe, which is called the New York Bijou co. Stay another week.

The Casino Theatre, under the management of John Morrissey, formerly with Greiner's Lyceum Theatre. The Amy Gordon Opera co. presented *Fa Diavolo* in an acceptable manner. New opera will be put on here in rapid succession. The McCaull Opera co. will present the new opera by Audran, Indiana, at the Chicago Opera House, 12, Digby Bell and Laura Joyce are prominent in the cast. Herrmann follows Jarboe at Hooley's in a short scene of magic.

The presence of so many new plays this season it is pleasant to note that Fred Greenwood, of this city, has not been overlooked by those in search of something good, and a drama and comedy by him are soon to be presented.

Upon the cast collectively praise must be bestowed. The play is strongly constructed, and the parts are of very unequal strength. The most important and qualified praise must certainly be given to Henry Walden, whose personation of Stephen Norton, the vulgar and wicked son of the guardian uncle, was worthy of the highest commendation. He carried his audience here that will not be forgotten. Joseph L. Mason, as the old uncle, Jonas Norton, had by far the most trying role, but acquitted himself with great credit. He was somewhat too much in the manner of a comedian, and his dialogue lacked delicacy, it possessed breadth, and that was the quality mostly required. George Backus as Arthur Loates, Jonas Norton's solicitor, had a part of small importance, but gave it full value. Some of the best lines of the play were spoken by him. He showed how worthy he was of a better part. Frank Lane, as Martin Brooke, of Oxford, the 'over of Mabel, had surprisingly little to do, but did it well. However, he made the diva, and the strongest of the different types, were personally and artistically well represented. Mabel and May Nugent acceptably filled the small role of a Gypsy girl. Gabrielle de Saint-Madame in the role of the French Governor, was very effective, but was a popular rather than an artistic triumph. I am usually opposed to the introduction of non-professionals in a cast, but here lines were so well arranged for the appearance of George Loates, the comedian, and he appeared and conducted himself so modestly following the applause that greeted his entrance, that I was quite reconciled to his presence. The play has made a great hit; it is bound to succeed and make money. It will run for a full value. It remains here two weeks.

The Chestnut Street Opera House opened its season on Tuesday, August 12, with a full attendance to witness *Bolshoy Kiril*, the production of Sardo's Dolores. It was received with many marks of approbation, and will doubtless have a good run. The attraction remains here three weeks.

The attraction for the past week at the National Theatre was *Across the Continent*. Business good. This week *Pack's* *Mad Boy*. Frederick Bryton. The Central Theatre found a strong drawing card in the Lily Clay Comedy. It is a very good play, and is suggestive as possible. It is certainly well to give people what they want, but there is in every community a certain class whose tastes are so decidedly questionable that they are not to be catered to. The Arch Street Opera House, under the management of Jacobs and Hickey, will open its season on Monday, August 13, with *Corine* in *Arcaadia*. Ben Teal, who has been rendering valuable assistance in the production of *A Dark Secret*, will be asked much of the credit in due, has started for San Francisco, where he will direct the production of *Clito* at the Baldwin. We are promised a new American opera by the decidedly popular title of *The Sphinx*. The libretto is by E. A. Niven and the music by Samuel H. Speck. It will be produced Oct. 8 at McCaull's Opera House.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, . . . EDITOR

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NEW YORK, . . . SEPTEMBER 10 1887

MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Arthur, Paul
Armstrong, Fenwick
Adell, Hume
Alexander, Sam
Baldwin Theatre Co. Mgr.
Bigelow, Sadie
Broderick, George H.
Burgess, Neil
Brown, W. P.
Brown, Alice
Clark, Duane
Cotter, Frank
Callahan, C. E.
Clapham, H. J.
Carroll, J. W.
Clark, K. I.
Clarke, Creston
Claston, Kate
Cook, F. E.
McCollin Opera Co. (Mgr.)
Clarges, Verne
Ellis, John A.
Foster, Mgr.
Forsyth, Kate
Fitch, Stanley
Girard, Eddie
Gottman, Victor
Gee, William
Hudson and O'Neill
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Hagman, Manuel
Hamilton, T. C.
Howard, Frank
Hesse, J. A.
James, Howard
Johnson, Oliver
Jarrett, H. B.
Jordan and Price
Jarrett, H. C.
Keweenaw, Marie (Telg.)
Kedzie, Clara
Keller, Harry
Kennedy, Harry
Kearney, Alex.
Kee, H.

Lane, Frank
Lyons, W. L.
Lee, Henry
Long, J. N.
Merron, Eleanor
Morse, Mm
Morison, Lindsay
Marcellus, Kitty
Murga's Landing Mgr.
Macalister, Phoe
Miller, Regine
Murray, Dominick
Mortimer, Elise
Padgett, William
Patterson, Kate
Price, Theo.
Poole, Anson Phelps
Parish, Grant
Rocher, Augusta
Russett, Harold
Sydney, Myra
Sutton, Annie
Sponner, Agnes
Strakosch, Carl
Seymour, K. E.
Saphire and Melville
Thurman, R.
Tillotson, J. K.
Traver, R. N.
Torphy, Eddie
Thornton, Adelaide
Thomas, Mm
Vaughn, Mabel
Walton, E. L.
Wheeler, W. O.
White, I. H.
Waters, Joe
Walsh, J. A. D.
White, C. E.
Whitaker, William A.
Woodard, Nellie
Williams, Tony
Wright, G. A.
Waller, Emma
Welby, G. M.

*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Freezing Out the Pirates.

The crusade THE MIRROR has instituted against the notorious play-pirates who have been presenting copyrighted plays with impunity in all parts of the country is meeting with encouraging results. There is panic in the ranks of the rascals and their forays have become perceptibly less important and extensive. Honest local managers throughout the land have manifested a commendable desire to co-operate with us in this campaign, and as a consequence the pirates are being frozen out of a good deal of their best territory.

A writer in the *Daily Journal* of Fort Wayne, Ind., comments as follows upon our warfare of extermination:

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, with characteristic enterprise, is making things decidedly uncomfortable for play pirates. I must say that I like the straightforward and fearless manner in which this splendid paper attacks and follows up a class of unscrupulous men whose chief delight seems to be in stealing the property of others. I am advised by our managers that applications for dates have been made by some of these play-pirates, and that in every instance they have received the cold shoulder.

But it is not solely our purpose to make things uncomfortable for the pirates by putting managers on their guard through thorough and sweeping exposures. We have a more effective end in view than that—the passage of a legislative measure that will put an end to play-piracy altogether without more ado.

Meantime it is decidedly gratifying to note the spread of the healthy spirit which the *Journal* chronicles in Fort Wayne.

Baiting an Audience.

When we have witnessed, in other times, the relish with which low-salaried actors, in the old-fashioned theatres, seized a hold upon a dummy quail or chicken in a stage banquet, we little dreamed that we should live to see the day that the supper scene in *Macbeth* would be attended with three hundred people, where it is confidently announced that the viands will "not be theatrical properties, but steaming boars' heads, immense roasts of beef and haunches of venison."

This programme has one defect. We don't see a mammoth clambake mentioned, and we can suggest another sufficient improvement: the banquet table should be extended into the auditorium and the audience invited to take a hand in and help themselves.

Then what a jolly time we could make of it with the murderers, and the up-risen Banquo and Hecate and her boon companions with the kettles, toads, etc.

We cannot deny that we desire some re-

lief from this new method of foddering the public; it brings us to the climax and ultimatum of Realism. You can go no further in that direction than to lure off all attention to the imagination and address your managerial resources to stuffing the stomach. There lies the abyss and profundity of man.

Being thus relieved, we may, perhaps, be allowed to take notice that sundry other managers are just now alert in introducing certain other plays from the hand of the same dramatist, divested of boar's head, roast beef and venison from the haunch and serving up to us his flights of fancy, living characters and whatever a clear and cultivated imagination would prefer for its stage diet.

Realism, in an unhappy sense, has certainly in these latter days driven us close to the wall. Our playwrights seem to forget that we are so surcharged with facts in our out-of-door and every-day life that when we enter the theatre we expect to be relieved by admission to another world, where facts are idealized and ornamented by the play of fancy and the sparkle of humor and genius. Pork and beans no doubt suit the oriental taste, but we would rather take our philosophic pabulum in a restaurant than in the temple of the Muses.

One evil tendency of the ultra-realistic treatment is worthy of notice. It has a constant tendency to drive the dramatist upon accidents to accomplish a climax or escape from a dilemma.

The true evolution of a genuine dramatic work cannot be allowed to result from mere chance, but should be the issue of the growth of passion and character and have a logical connection and sequence with what goes before and what comes after. This completes the structure of the play, presents to the audience a harmonious performance, and dismisses them with the consciousness that human nature has had fair play and that the equities are satisfied.

A drama in its fifth or last act is but the ripened fruit of the seed planted in the first, and secures to the spectator the fulfilment of promises held forth to him all along the line of the play.

It was a saying of the e'er Wallack that surprise was the weapon or art of melodrama. It is the planetary uprising and going down of the art of life and light that we hope to bear witness to in the theatrical firmament, and not the outbreak of transient rockets and the active spluttering of candles and fire-flies.

Personal.

RHEA.—Mlle. Rhea opens her season next Monday evening at Belfast, Me.

WHIFFEN.—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen will shortly arrive from abroad.

REYNOLDS.—Victoria Reynolds will play Javotte in the *Erminie* road company.

WARREN.—William Warren, the veteran Boston comedian, paid the city a visit this week.

SHAW.—Dora Shaw is the guest of Mr. James H. Slavin at his Scarsdale (N. Y.) farm.

FOSETTE.—Emma Fossette has gone on tour as leading lady for Frank Tannehill in *The Exile's Daughter*.

O'KEEFE.—Hannah M. O'Keefe (amateur) assumed the role of *Erminie* at the Casino last Friday night, and made quite a hit.

LANGTRY.—Mrs. Langtry is to occupy a box at the professional matinee of *The Still Alarm* at the Fourteenth Street Theatre to day (Thursday).

HENDERSON.—Grace Henderson, last season Mm. Modjeska's leading lady, will appear in *The Great Pink Pearl* at the Lyceum Theatre on Sept. 19.

JAMES.—Louis James will give one performance of *Hamlet* at the Grand Opera House next week. Mrs. James (Miss Wainwright) will appear as *Ophelia*.

ROBE.—Annie Robe has been engaged as leading lady of the Deacon Brodie company, which opens its season at Montreal on Sept. 26. She will be starred.

PARSLOE.—Charles T. Parsloe has decided to assume a role in his recent purchase, *A Grass Widow*. In other words, the part of a Chinaman will be introduced in the comedy.

HURD.—Mr. Charles E. Hurd has been appointed Boston correspondent of THE MIRROR. He succeeds Mr. Earl Marble, who has gone to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Hurd is on the staff of the Boston *Transcript*.

TERRISS.—William Terriss has written to Charles Overton expressing a desire to appear in this country at the Madison Square Theatre under A. M. Palmer, and to star through the country under the management of that gentleman.

ST. JOHN.—Margaret St. John, an English actress of some reputation, intends to visit America this season and appear in still another dramatization of "As in a Looking Glass," supported by an English company. Miss St. John's opening engagement will be played at the Montreal Academy of Music, beginning Oct. 3.

CRAIGEN.—Maida Craigen, a gifted young

actress formerly of the Boston Museum, has come to the city to reside. Miss Craigen will either accept one of several offers she has received to travel, or job through the season in this vicinity.

JARBEAU.—Vernona Jarbeau's starring season has opened most auspiciously. Her musical comedy, *Starlight*, is a "go." Miss Jarbeau is the central figure of a capital company of singers and comedians, all of whom have a reputation in comic opera.

KELLERD.—John E. Kellerd has been engaged by Lillian Olcott for the leading part in *Theodora*. In the new and improved adaptation which Miss Olcott will do this season the name of this character has been changed from Andreas to Adrian. The original translation was a poor piece of work, commonplace and coarse.

PIGOTT.—J. W. Pigott has been released by Manager Hayden from his engagement with Miss Dauvray. Mr. Hayden was reluctant to lose his services, but by giving Mr. Pigott the freedom he desired the latter was enabled to accept an offer to play good parts at Wallack's under Mr. Abbey's management. Mr. Pigott is specially engaged to create a character in Mark Twain's new play to be produced next week in Syracuse.

BENNETT.—The demure but very pretty face of Miss Johnstone Bennett appears upon the first page of THE MIRROR this week. Although still a very young woman, Miss Bennett has had a varied stage experience. She is at present the soubrette of Richard Mansfield's company at the Madison Square Theatre, and on the morning after the production of *Monsieur de Sade* she was up to find herself famous. Miss Bennett was cast for the part of Sally, a rough and tough servant-girl, and the unconsciousness and naturalness of her acting made every critic sharpen his pencil and think of something nice to say to her credit.

James-Wainwright Prospects.

A MIRROR reporter recently had a pleasant chat with Gustave A. Mortimer, who is looking after the stellar interests of the James-Wainwright company. "You know, of course," said Mr. Mortimer, "that this is the second starring season of Louis James and Marie Wainwright. They are rapidly becoming great favorites throughout the country. Last season their tour did not prove remunerative until December. After that the season went on swimmingly. They drew splendid houses, especially in the South and Southwest. Owing to reports of the miserable business done by other companies in New Orleans, I made an attempt to cancel my dates there, but Mr. Bidwell would not hear of it. Miss Wainwright had played in his stock company, and Mr. James had become equally popular with New Orleans audiences during the various engagements of Lawrence Barrett's company in that city.

"I was anything but sanguine, however, especially as Edwin Booth had played at Bidwell's the preceding week. To my surprise, the theatre was crowded every night, and next to Booth, the James-Wainwright company proved the best paying attraction of the season. Indeed, we had such excellent houses everywhere we went after December that my bookings for this season are in the very best theatres. The sharing terms are from ten to twenty per cent. better than last season, and fully equal to those of the leading stars.

"On Monday evening, Sept. 12 we present *Virginia* at the Grand Opera House; on Tuesday, *Ingomar*; at the Wednesday matinee, *Ingomar*; on Wednesday night, *Gretchen*; on Thursday, *Hamlet*; on Friday, *Virginia*; at the Saturday matinee, *Gretchen*; and close the engagement on Saturday night with *Virginia*. We shall play three engagements in New York this season. Elaborate costumes and scenic arrangements are being prepared for *Macbeth*, which will be given later on. The *Virginia* of Louis James, as well as the *Virginia* of Miss Wainwright, elicited such favorable criticism from the metropolitan press last year that it is needless for me to sound their praises in those roles. *Hamlet*, as impersonated by Mr. James, has also won golden opinions from the majority of the New York critics, while Marie Wainwright was selected as the best interpreter of *Ophelia* among American actresses when Salvini and Edwin Booth starred conjointly at the New York Academy of Music. Nym Crinkle wrote of her *Ophelia* on that occasion: 'We doubt if anyone has recently given it with such intense and artistic completeness as Marie Wainwright, with the possible exception of Ellen Terry.'

"Ingomar and *Parthenia* receive most effective interpretation from Mr. and Mrs. James, and the tragedy of *Ingomar* always draws. As for *Gretchen*, well, if New York theatre-goers want a real treat, they will not miss the opportunity of seeing Miss Wainwright in the title role. That alone would be a great attraction, but when, in addition, patrons of the Grand Opera House are offered such a Melphisto as only Louis James can act, it would not surprise me to see people turned away on Wednesday night.

"Mr. James is fonder of his art than he is of making money. He does not believe in a star trying to shine by comparison to his miserable support. There is not a member of the company who has not proved his or her histrionic mettle. But come and see for yourself. We have not a novice in the whole troupe, and you will recognize most of the names as those of well known actors and actresses."

Colonel Ochiltree's Wasted Eloquence.

One night last week, on special invitation of Richard Mansfield, the well-known playwright and actor, Steele Mackaye, with a party of friends, occupied a box at the Madison Square Theatre. It was the first time in perhaps six or seven years, or since Mr. Mackaye severed his connection with the house, that he had entered its doors, and the friends who were with him determined to have some fun out of the occasion. After the performance they went in a body to the Hoffman House, and

one of them accosted Colonel Thomas Ochiltree in the lobby. The Colonel is an ardent friend of Mr. Mackaye's, and when he was informed that that gentleman had been once more given the management of the house, Mr. Palmer retiring, his pleasure knew no bounds. He chased all over the hotel in search of Mr. Mackaye, and astonished the inventor of no end of improvements in stage chairs and stages by congratulations without end. Mr. Mackaye seemed to bear his honors meekly, and in an outburst of generosity the great Congressman suggested a wine supper.

The party was nothing loth. They repaired to an upper room, and feasting and merriment went on for hours. Speeches were made by Mr. Mackaye, in which he laid bare his plans for the entire season, while the Colonel's remarks were liquid with eloquence.

A few of the party, after they had enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, sent the waiter down for paper and pens, and spent the time in writing despatches to the out-of-town papers. One of the hall-boys came up with the information that about fifty reporters were below in the hall, waiting to see Mr. Mackaye, and it was only by sheer strength that the Colonel was prevented from rushing down to tell them the whole story. He was restrained, however, and the fun kept up. Finally, in an outburst of enthusiasm—the table being full of empty bottles—he leaned over to Mr. Mackaye, threw his arms about him as he fell upon his neck, and exclaimed: 'Old man, I knew the day would come when you would triumph. Hurroo!' Then the waiter escorted him to his room and the party broke up.

"Ideal Americans."

William H. Foster, manager of one of the Boston Ideal Opera companies, after spending the Summer at Lake George, arrived in the city last week. He was recently seen at the Gilsey Hotel by a MIRROR representative, and to some extent unfolded his plans.

"I shall open my season on Oct. 1 in New England," said Mr. Foster, "and I believe that I now have what may be called the most distinctively American musical troupe on the stage. The company is American in every sense of the word, the only one of the organization not born here being Mm. Lablache. My prima donna, although French in name and of French parents, was born and brought up in New York.

"When I assumed the management of the Boston Ideal Opera company, two years ago, I did so with the determination to raise the organization from operetta to standard opera. A complete change in the personnel of the company was demanded for this, and I have made it by degrees, until now I am in command of an organization composed entirely of voices that are both young and fresh. My prima donna is Mlle. Zeile de Lussan, who not only triumphed in all her creations in Boston, but who made one of the greatest hits it was ever my good fortune to witness. It was in Chicago and as Marie in Donizetti's *Daughter of the Regiment*, in which part she had been coached by Patti. In Mlle. De Lussan I verily believe I have the most beautiful voice and most accomplished artist on the English opera stage.

"The rest of the organization includes Ida Klein, my other leading soprano, who was a member of the Metropolitan Opera company for the past two seasons; Mlle. Lablache, who remains as my leading contralto; Charles Modini, tenor who has already made a reputation on the grand opera stage in Italy, Australia and the East Indies, although an American citizen and a graduate of the University of Michigan; Frank Baxter, of Washington, tenor, who joined the Ideals in Buffalo last Spring; A. D. Saxon, baritone; W. H. Clark, basso, and J. W. Herbert, comedian. My subsidiary artists are Harriet Avery, mezzo-soprano; Clement Bainbridge, light comedy, and J. C. Myron, low comedy. There are over seventy people in the company, and none over thirty-five years of age. George Loesch will lead the orchestra which has been engaged at an expense of more than \$1000 a week. Fred. Williams will manage the stage, while Charles Roche, formerly of the Chicago *News*, will be business manager. My season will last over forty weeks, and will include an engagement in San Francisco, and one of six weeks at the Fifth Avenue Theatre here, opening on Jan. 16. I have not had an open date since the first of last May.

"The repertoire will include all the standard operas formerly sung by the company. The *Daughter of the Regiment* which will be the *piece de resistance* on the New England circuit, and which has been arranged in three acts, and Queen Topaz, a three-act opera comique, by Victor Masse, which has not been heard in America. Besides these operas, we shall produce *The Golden Cross*, by Ignatz Brull, which was in the Metropolitan Opera company's repertoire last season. This opera was given by Carl Rosa in London in 1878, when Mosen Thal's book was put into English by John P. Jackson. That is the libretto we shall use. The company will also be seen in *Carmen* Mlle. De Lussan will sing the title role. For the New York engagement we shall have fifty musicians in the orchestra and 100 people on the stage."

Letters to the Editor.

A RECTIFICATION.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.
Editor New York Mirror:
UNAR SIR:—In your issue of July 27, under the head of "Scenery as a Manufacture," you do us an unintentional injustice. The idea the writer seeks to convey is that the claim of work we do is turned out with lightning-like rapidity and is necessarily cheap and tawdry in effect. We have for nine years been building up a business which to-day, it is safe to say, is known to nine-tenths of the theatre, opera house and hall managers and the dramatic profession in the United States. We employ many artists of well-known ability and our work has a high reputation as being artistic, bright and pleasing. Many of the best theatres in this country have been stocked by us, and upward of 1,000 opera houses and halls using our work will attest its merits. Yours truly,
SOMMER AND LANDIS.

ALL DEBTS PAID.

MASONIC THEATRE, Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 2.
Editor New York Mirror:
DEAR SIR:—May I ask of your courtesy to correct an impression made by your Louisville correspondent that the opera season at Price's Hill was a financial failure. This was not the case, and I can furnish the fullest proof to the contrary. Every salary and liability was settled in full. Some of the leading artists, being interested speculators, did not receive their high salaries; they have been accustomed to in companies such as the American Opera or New York Casino, but all were more than satisfied, and the opera is still on the road on a solid financial basis. I am also able to testify, on behalf of all the members

company, our esteem and admiration for the plucky little lady who originated the enterprise—Miss Kittie Strauss. Apologizing for troubling you, I remain
Yours faithfully,
FRED. DIXON.

ANENT STRICKEN BLIND.

Toledo, Sept. 2.

Editor New York Mirror:
SIR:—Considerable discussion having arisen regarding the title *Stricken Blind*, will you kindly grant me space in your next issue to explain the justice of Mr. English's claim to that title as her property? Mm. De Neuville says in a card that she did not translate *Stricken Blind* expressly for Miss Western, but she merely sold her a copy, and sold one of the same to various other actresses named. She is right. She did not translate *Stricken Blind* expressly for Miss Western, nor did Miss Western play her translation. Mm. De Neuville sold a play called *La Mendicant* or, *Stricken Blind* to Miss Western, which upon investigation proved to be very little different to the published play of Ruth Oakley, a drama that can be bought at French's for fifteen cents. *Stricken Blind*, as successfully played by Lucile Western, was entirely re-written expressly for Miss Western by the late Frank Murdoch, author of *Escaped from Sing Sing*, and it is a fact that it was again revised by Fred. Williams, the then stage manager of the Boston Museum, and was then, and is now, a truly great play—in proof of which I offer in evidence the fact that it was the most successful version of the play, and there were numerous translators and adapters of the French drama, the best of which, outside of the one owned by Miss Western, was one by Barton Hill, called, I think, *Marguerite*, and played by Clara Morris.

How far the wonderful genius of Miss Western tended toward this success is neither here nor there. You will doubtless say it would have been a pretty bad play that would have failed with her to it; and I grant that, but certainly she refused, after a careful trial, to play *De Neuville* version; did play the other, under the title of *Stricken Blind*, in every theatre of the country, thus making the title valuable and her claim to it. Mrs. English now owns the play and title, has taken excellent legal advice on it, and will defend her rights to the utmost.
Respectfully,
JAMES A. HENKE.

ESCAPED FROM SING SING.

LONDON, August 21.

Editor New York Mirror:
SIR:—I had hoped sincerely that I should be able to avoid any renewal of acrimonious discussion with Mr. Dominic Murray, for the words of charity with all mankind; but a cutting from your paper has recently been forwarded to me from New York, containing statements in connection with the drama of *Escaped from Sing Sing*, which I am compelled to notice, as it calls my veracity into question.

Mr. Murray says in the article alluded to: "Before leaving London I had translated a French play called *La Manger de Fer*, and sent it to a version which was produced in England under the title of *Escaped from Sing Sing*, at once copyrighted mine, calling it *Escaped from Sing Sing*. I localized the drama to suit New York, produced it at Wood's Theatre, where it made a great hit, and brought me in the round sum of \$3000." The same facts are as follows: Over a year before Mr. Murray and myself were associated together in business, he called on me at my residence, and other people write dramas and make money; why can't we do the same? I replied: "I don't know why we cannot; at least we can try." He answered: "I have a translation of a French drama called *La Manger de Fer*, which I think might serve as the nucleus of a good piece." He brought the piece to me, and I began the localization of the drama, etc., as mentioned above. The principal incidents in the first act of the French drama and the general idea, but in character incidents, dialogue, scenery and general details I differed widely and essentially. Mr. Murray, who did consult with me and suggest respecting it, lauded my efforts highly during their progress. When he was about to leave for New York for its immediate production, a Mr. Murray eventually left the city to fulfil an engagement at New Orleans. On his leaving New Orleans, some months afterward, we met at Cleveland, where I was playing, and he proposed that we should travel together. I attended to all outside business, and do all literary work, localizing any drama that, during our connection, he might translate. In New York an arrangement was entered into with George Wood at the Museum for the production of *Escaped from Sing Sing*. Mr. Wood wanted the drama played twice a day, and it was arranged that I should play the principal part in the afternoon and Mr. Murray at night. Mr. Murray adopted, thus making me the original representative of Yorkshire Bill. The drama was copyrighted in our joint names, and our names appeared jointly as co-authors on all bills, posters and notices. I sent him the original copy of *Sing Sing*, written on 25 lines of paper—the first fair copy made of the drama, with a fifty or sixty lines of Mr. Murray's interpolated 25 lines of handwriting, which was sent to him by Mr. Murray, and he proposed that we should travel together. I attended to all outside business, and do all literary work, localizing any drama that, during our connection, he might translate. In New York an arrangement was entered into with George Wood at the Museum for the production of *Escaped from Sing Sing*. Mr. Wood wanted the drama played twice a day, and it was arranged that I should play the principal part in the afternoon and Mr. Murray at night. Mr. Murray adopted, thus making me the original representative of Yorkshire Bill. 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The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

The vitality of Jim the Penman is marvelous. This week the two Madison Square companies are presenting it in Boston and Philadelphia to the capacity of the houses. The Boston receipts for Monday and Tuesday night reached nearly \$2,200, and there is a strong probability that the week there will bring the largest returns in the history of the play. Mr. Palmer will undoubtedly meet with further large rewards when the play is revived at the home theatre at the beginning of the season.

Joseph Haworth tells me that he has made arrangements through his manager to produce Professor Timayenis' play, *The Wife of Miletus*, this Fall. The delay this work has met in reaching the footlights partakes almost of the nature of fatality. McCullough accepted it, paying a round sum down, but it reverted to the author again through the tragedian's postponements, whereby his rights lapsed. Then Kate Forsyth was reported to be about to produce it, and that fell through. Last Spring Jack Barnes arranged with Manager Dickson to tour in it this season. He went to England supposedly to select an actress capable of filling the opposite role. Not long ago came the rumor that Barnes had abandoned the idea. I have received a letter from him in this connection, from which the following is an extract:

"The fact is that after every detail appeared settled, Messrs. Hayden, Dickson and Roberts wrote me that it was quite impossible to secure a New York theatre to open in, and as the New York 'stamp' has always appeared to me imperative for business success, outside, I have very reluctantly decided to abandon the scheme. I shall therefore remain in London for the present, although I sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when I may have the pleasure of meeting my American friends again."

It is probable that Haworth will change the title from *The Wife of Miletus* to *Hervé the Greek*. The trial will take place outside of New York, what Mr. Barnes terms the New York stamp being dispensed with until later.

Haworth's leading lady, by the way, Sidney Armstrong, is an ambitious and diplomatic little woman. She has plenty of talent and has made the best use of it. In engaging with Haworth she was actuated by the wish to play Ophelia and the title-role in Timayenis' play, swallowing complacently her feeble part in Rosedale in view of the other opportunities offered by the repertoire.

There is a well-founded rumor afloat that one of the leading firms of dramatic agents in this city are about to dissolve partnership.

The lot of the company engaged to support Miss Dauvray is unenviable. Here, a fortnight before the season was announced to open, they are all thrown out of engagement through her illness and the consequent annulment of contracts. Sothere was lucky in getting out of it some time ago, and so was Pigott more recently. It is hard lines for Bob Hiliard, who has been working himself thin over the leading parts all Summer, and for Adeline Stanhope, who gave up a starring tour with Gwynne's Oath in order to go with Miss Dauvray. There is likely to be trouble over the big blocks of time booked in the leading cities.

The superior coolness of our public was strikingly illustrated at the Casino on Tuesday night during the bogus fire scare. It seems as if they have profited by the lessons of the past, and are able to retain something approximating presence of mind in time of alarm. With the Exeter horror fresh before them, the behavior of that audience was decidedly commendable. It is a pity that the inevitable fool who cried "fire!" wasn't caught and summarily dealt with.

The Actors' Fund headquarters are to be rendered more attractive to members by a supply of magazines and daily papers in the reading room. A committee have been appointed to take charge of this matter, and they are determined to make the collection of mental pabulum a feature. Book cases have also been procured, and their shelves will be filled with the nucleus of the library that it is hoped some day will become an important institution in connection with the Fund. Professionals having theatrical books to spare will be doing a good thing in sending them to Mr. Baker or the committee.

Probably no man in the profession is so harassed with appeals from impecunious persons as Edwin Booth. His ear is ever attentive, his sympathies are ever responsive to the cry of distress. Unfortunately, his charity is oftener imposed upon than not, and there is

scarcely a "beat" in the dramatic ranks that has not at one time or another succeeded in getting a share of the great actor's bounty.

A dramatist friend of mine is spending a holiday at sleepy Stockbridge among the Berkshire Hills. He sends me this sprightly description of the town and the people: "The place is a remarkably well-groomed one. There you have it in a nutshell. It is a village with one street—no, not a street, a rural Champs Elysees rather—running throughout from east to west, or vice versa, I forget which. The lawns are delightfully green, the hedges beautifully pruned and the roads hard and smooth. It is not quite such a show place as Elberon, but its well-kempt smugness reminds me slightly of that marine oasis. A brook—by courtesy a river—the Housatonic—gurgles in the near vicinity and the little Berkshire Hills gambol all about. There are coolest bowers of foliage musical with birds (next Spring), there are magnificent rows of noble elm trees, there are rural monuments of granite, actual fountains that will gush forth in the midst of roses, in the proper season for such frivolities, and there are rustic bridges, and that's all. But, then, what more do you want? Oh, yes, there are some churches of the usual brand and some very good country stores. The hotel—an old fashioned rambling three-story country inn—is a very good one, well kept by a ripe old Plumb. I feel that I can monument Plumb and his hostelry."

"So much for the place. And the people? Oh, yes, the people! Well, such a roast of back-number chestnuts you don't often see gathered together—leastwise when you go away to a Summer resort for pleasure—yes, or even health—though they do remind one of some collections I have seen at water-cures. The youngest young lady in company 132 years old. At least I picked out the one I thought was the youngest. She seemed more kittenish than the rest, and after making some diplomatic inquiries, I learned from her elder brother that she was born just before the Seven Years' War broke out. So you can judge for yourself. The men run all the way from 150 to 487. The Patriarch is that old My, how old that old man is! He looks as if he might have swung on the gate with 'She,' singing school nights, when that old party was a maiden. Why, you talk about Cremona violins and Madeira wines! Just come up here and look at our collection of maidens—maidens on two centuries. I tell you, mould is of the essence of contract up here. Tonight is Sunday night and we have just had refreshments, *a la Dr. Watts*, in the parlor. A lady with the flavor of the Spanish Armada about her presided at the piano, and a gentleman who dates from the Rye House Plot led the revellers with a remarkably lowdown bass bazoo. 'Jesus, lover of my soul' was the *morceau* most in favor. Now, I tell you, what you do. Come up here and be dead. You remember the doll's dressmaker's invitation to Lizzy Hezam? Come up here and get pointers that'll knock out Rollin's Ancient History. Come up here and look about you and think how you'd like to be a mummy yourself. There's a patent varnish that'll keep out dry-rot. I forget the name of it. Take a bath in it."

Now that it is settled Francis Wilson is to remain at the Casino a couple of years more; it may not be out of order to relate the why and wherefore of his kick. Wilson was under contract to Aronson until May next, receiving a certain sum at home and a larger salary on the road. Not long ago he said he wouldn't fulfil his contract or go on the road unless a new agreement to suit his somewhat swollen ideas was made for the succeeding two years. He only wanted eight per cent of the gross receipts for his services! Aronson didn't see it, and told Wilson he would hold him to the strict letter of his agreement. Wilson threatened to be sick, and asked what Aronson would do about it then? There was a good deal of hard feeling, and the matter hung fire some days. Aronson was prepared to fill Wilson's place if the latter refused to travel and to enjoy him from doing anything except stay idle until next May. Finally a compromise was effected. Wilson promised to perform his part of the existing contract and to make a new one for the season of 1888-9 whereby he will receive \$600 a week. The question naturally arises, is any stock comic opera comedian, however clever, worth that unprecedented amount of compensation?

Wilson has not been doing badly as it is. His income from the Casino management for the past year foots up to something more than \$18,000.

Advertising in the theatre programmes does not seem to be popular this Fall. They have all started out with the usual array of ancient anecdotes, but without the usual array of "ads." The medium would be a good one were the contents of the programme worthy of perusal. The scheme hitherto has been merely to utilize every available inch of white paper for business purposes and leave nothing to be read by the people that stay in their seats between the acts.

Charles G. Shaw came back the other day from an extended European trip. Mr. Shaw has a large professional acquaintance, and was at one time a leading light in amateur theatri-

cals. He brings back a curious piece of information. While in Naples recently he visited the Museum where repose the vast collection of relics excavated from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The guide showed him a quantity of devices in bone which were used in lieu of tickets of admission to the theatre in those ancient cities. Some were carved in the form of pigeons, clearly indicating that they passed the bearer into the "pigeon-loft" or gallery. There were also a large quantity of ivory skulls, a facsimile of one of which Mr. Shaw has brought back with him. These, the attendant explained, were used by those who enjoyed free entrance to the exhibitions, and these Mr. Shaw ingeniously suggests had the literal significance of deadhead. He argues that it was therefore before the time of Christ that the deadhead idea came into being. The antiquity, perhaps, accounts for the perpetuity of the custom and the term. But if Mr. Shaw's hypothesis be correct Jack Haverly's brow is robbed of its chief laurel.

In the Courts.

NO INJUNCTION FOR HAYDEN.

Judge Donohue, of the Supreme Court, has decided that W. R. Hayden cannot have an injunction restraining Thomas W. Keene from performing this season, as he had asked for. Mr. Hayden and Mr. Keene had been associated together for several years. Their contract was first made in 1880, according to which Hayden was to furnish capital to carry on their enterprises. Mr. Keene was not to be held responsible for debts contracted. He was to receive \$75 a week in any event, and in addition one half of the net profits over and above all expenses, ordinary or extraordinary. The contract was to continue three years, but it was continued on after that time. As Mr. Keene was taken ill and could not play, he agreed on consoling to make up for the lost time, and also that the contract be extended by parole from Sept. 1, 1887, to Sept. 1, 1888. Contrary to the agreement, the manager claimed, Keene had performed during the present year, and therefore asked for the injunction, and also that an account be made of the profits he had received, of which a share was rightly due him.

Judge Donohue holds in his opinion that he could not grant the injunction on the parole contract to be performed outside of the space of a year. If the fact was true that the defendant had broken the contract in the performance he had given, and the performances he may give under his own auspices in defiance of so-called rights of the plaintiff, it was for the plaintiff's interest that no injunction should be granted. The profits which would be made by Keene could be ascertained without trouble, while under an injunction this could not be done.

Arrival of Manager Pitou.

Gus Pitou, manager of W. J. Scanlan and Robert B. Mantell, arrived in town on Monday night from San Francisco. When met by a MIRROR reporter on upper Broadway, Mr. Pitou was nothing loth to tell of what had occurred to him since he left the city some six weeks ago.

"I opened my regular season in San Francisco on August 29 with Mr. Scanlan in *Shana Lawn*," he said, "having taken the entire company on from New York. I went there myself three weeks in advance of the company to look after the preliminary business, and remained to see the opening performance, which was a great success. It was Mr. Scanlan's first appearance in that city in four years, and he opened to the capacity of the house and turned people away. On my journey East I received telegrams giving the receipts of the different performances, and the first week's income was over \$6,000. The engagement is for three weeks. Mr. Scanlan's songs created a furore. He was not affected by the California gripe—a congestion of the vocal chords that seizes upon many singers who visit the Coast. Charles Hal, manager of the Bush Street Theatre, seconded me in my efforts to properly present *Shana Lawn* to the San Francisco public, and engaged Charles Witham, the well-known scenic artist, to paint entire new scenery. I must say that the play was never before so well mounted."

"After leaving San Francisco Mr. Scanlan will play the California circuit, working his way East and appearing in all the principal cities. He is not due in New York until January."

"I shall now be busy for the next few weeks with rehearsals of the Mantell company. Mr. Mantell opens his season in Reading Sept. 26, in a new play, adapted from the French by Louis Nathal. The scene is laid in France under the First Napoleon in 1810. The costumes, which are to be thoroughly correct, are being made by Hawthorne, from designs made by Horace Townsend, of the *Tribune*. There will be eighty costumes, all of them as rich and elaborate as were any ever used in a play."

Miss Vokes' Arrival.

Rosina Vokes arrived in this country on the *Britannic* on Saturday last, after an absence of about a month. When a reporter of THE MIRROR visited her, shortly after her arrival, she seemed in the best of health and spirits, and was evidently much stronger than she had been in some time.

"I am in better health than I have been in a very long time," she said, cheerfully, "and I am glad that I took the long rest that I did for it has brightened me up wonderfully—that and the voyage. My doctor came over in the same vessel, and he was delighted with the improvement I had made. I hope that I shall be able to keep it up. We have all long stays this season—no one-night stands that tire one out. I was only ten days in London, my trip being solely on business and to see my people."

"Regarding my new company, Courtenay

Thorpe, who has been over in London all the Summer, has been doing all the engaging, and most of the principal people had signed before I reached London. My principal eccentric comedian will be Felix Morris, of whom I do not suppose it is necessary for me to say much, as he is a well-known American, who has made an enormous success in England, where he is looked upon as the most talented eccentric comedian on the stage. For light comedian I have secured Morton Selden, and Courtenay Thorpe, as you know remains. Then I have N. Gottschalk, Mr. Rolfe, Mr. Rivers, Ethel Johnston, Edith Clennell and Isabella Irving. The latter is a very young girl, just from school. She made a great success, I believe, in Gwynne's Oath recently. For business manager I have Frank Dierz; for advance agent, Clarence Fleming. My former manager, Ariel M. Barney, has done all my book-ing."

"The season will open in Toronto on Sept. 26, after which we go on to Chicago for three weeks. A few other cities in the West are visited, and then comes San Francisco, where we play three weeks at the Bush Street Theatre. Following that there are engagements for three weeks in Boston and Philadelphia, and in April we play for a month at Daly's Theatre here. Altogether we play up to June, and all of my time is filled with the exception of three weeks, including Holy Week, during which I rest. I shall open my season with a new piece—for my company at least. It is *A Lesson in Love*, an old comedy, which used to be one of Charles Mathews' favorites. Besides that I have a new piece by Mrs. Charles A. Doremus, of this city—*The Circus Rider*. I shall present this play at Toronto, after which I shall proceed to get the company up in the old pieces. I have two or three other new plays, including a little French adaptation. The plays I shall do in this city will depend entirely on what prove to be successes outside. I shall keep on our triple bill as much as possible. We have made that our specialty and the public seems to like it. Altogether our repertoire enables us to make fourteen changes of bill."

Winnett's Enterprises.

"My new company in *Passion's Slave* recently opened its season at the Third Avenue Theatre," said T. H. Winnett in a passing interview with a MIRROR reporter. "We opened with everything new—company, scenery, costumes, music, etc. A great feature in scenic effects is a view of that historic landmark, Fortress Monroe, with sunset and moonlight effects, in the first act. In the third act there is a snow scene, very realistic. Here occurs the ringing of the Christmas bells. The chime comes from the workshop of a well known Brooklyn manufacturer—the same who made the chimes for Saints and Sinners. This week the bells are on exhibition in a Brooklyn show-window. This snow scene is a transformation with a very fine illusion."

"My Great Wrong company is now in very active rehearsal at the Grand Opera House, under the supervision of J. B. Studley, who stars in the play as Richard Bright, afterward Convict 1240. By the way, Mr. Studley promises to give an original conception of the part of the convict hero. He is much interested—in fact is in love with the part. The scenery for *A Great Wrong* is mostly new. The principal scene is a transformation from Desolation Island to shipboard. But the play is panoramic all through in its scenic effects. The explosion in the prison and the parting of the walls will, by the aid of improved machinery, be made more thrilling than in any former production of the piece. I look upon *A Great Wrong* as John A. Stevens' best effort in the dramatic line, and I have engaged a fine company for its production. Mr. Studley's support will include Harry Colton, Abbie Pierce, Fanny Marsh, Minnie Kusselle, Willis Baker and Percy Meldon. The bulkiness of the scenery and mechanical effects will confine the play to three-night and week stands. The costumes for the two plays are all new. I have sent two agents ahead of each company. Both are well equipped with printing of novel, gorgeous and elaborate design. The full season of *Passion's Slave* is booked; and I might say the same of *A Great Wrong* were it not that I am compelled to make a very careful selection of dates."

Miss Dauvray's Illness.

On Tuesday last Adeline Stanhope, who had been engaged for the leading female roles in support of Helen Dauvray, and whose husband, Nelson Wheatcroft, had declined a number of offers of time for her in his new play, *Gwynne's Oath*, on that account, received by messenger-boy direct from the residence of Helen Dauvray, No. 49 Park avenue, the following letter:

My Dear Miss Stanhope: You are hereby notified that your services under your contract with my manager will not be required for the season of 1888-9. The reason of this action is my inability on account of sickness, to fulfil my professional engagements being advised by my physicians that I could only do so at the peril of my health or life. I greatly regret this, not only on my own account, but principally on that of others, including yourself; but it is, unapparently, the only course left for me to pursue, as my physicians state that under no circumstances could I safely resume professional labor within less than three months, and possibly longer.

Yours very truly, HELEN DAUVRAY. A similar letter was received by all the other members of the company. It is true that for the past few weeks Miss Dauvray has been suffering from nervous prostration, and that an operation was performed on her by several well-known doctors on the same day on which the letters were written. As soon as she is able to travel, Miss Dauvray will seek rest and recreation in the country. The news of the dissolution of the company and the abandoning of the season's work was soon noised about, although, strange to relate, the manager of the lady, William R. Hayden, when called upon, professed to know nothing of it.

Gossip of the Town.

Mercedes Malarini, late leading lady for Robert Downing, is at liberty.

Dion Boucicault is ill and there is a gap in his San Francisco engagement.

Ed. L. Bloom arrived in town the other day. He is not placed for this season.

Samuel Reed and Marie Bockell have arrived in the city from Boothbay, Me.

Charles H. Bradshaw has been engaged by H. C. Jarrett for the *Lost in the Snow* company.

Lost in the Snow, which opened at Baltimore on Monday night, is reported to have made a big hit.

Richard O'Gorman scored well on the opening of his season in *Human Nature* at Bristol, Pa., on Sept. 5.

Isaac Litt, manager of the Dime Museum, Milwaukee, died of congestion of the brain last Sunday morning.

The Hanlons' *Le Voyage en Suisse* had an auspicious opening at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, on Monday night.

Ray Briscoe has been engaged for the role of the Princess in John A. Eilsler's production of *Aladdin*; or, *The Wonderful Lamp*.

The Pickpocket, a farce-comedy that had a run of several months in London last season, can be had on royalty for this country.

Alice Harrison has gone to Washington to get the original manuscript of *Photos*, in which she will shortly tour the country under the management of Frank Irving.

Jeff D. Bernstein is personally directing the tour of Vernona Jarbeau. W. A. McConnell is booking her time. His address until Oct. 1 will be Hooley's Theatre, Chicago.

Ben D. Stevens, manager of the McCaull Opera company, leaves on Sunday for Chicago to take charge of the company, which opens on Monday night at the Opera House in Indiana.

Members of the company engaged for the production of *A Wronged Man* are requested to assemble for rehearsals at 299 Michigan avenue, Chicago, on Monday morning, Sept. 12.

Helene Hastreiter sails from Liverpool next Saturday for New York on the *Aurania*. She has been engaged for the Buffalo Musical Festival to take place middle of October in that city.

Ben Stern wires that *Fantasma* had a dazzling opening in Toronto on Monday night. The new scenic effects were much applauded and the Hanlons have scored another triumph.

H. W. Ellis has finished a new comedy, *Two Bohemians*, for the Weston Brothers. His two plays, *Rita*; or, *Love and Law* and *Donnybrook*, have been consigned to Charles Arnold in London.

Anglomani is ebbing out of the profession. Conspicuous young men in tweeds, with pointed elbows, unchristian gait and bogus English accent are on the decline. With the decadence of the age we may look for more vigor and genuine personation on the stage.

Imre Kiralfy is making great preparations for the production of the spectacle of *Mazul* at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, in November. The scenery, costumes and properties are all being manufactured in France under the supervision of Jerome Ravel.

Manager Amberg has contracted with Marie Engle, of Chicago, who is at present in London, to sing under his management for one year at a salary of \$20,000. Miss Engle sails for this city on Saturday, and makes her first appearance at the Academy of Music.

Horace McVicker, acting manager of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, arrived in the city on Monday. He is suffering from rheumatism, and intends spending a couple of weeks in the Highlands of New Jersey. He reports the season in Chicago as having started off well.

Carrie Turner has been engaged to create the leading female part in Baron Rudolph. Miss Turner had arranged to sail for Switzerland directly after the held by the Enemy engagement, but the offer was so enticing that she concluded to remain in this country this season.

Two changes were made in the cast of *Bellman* at Wallack's on last Monday evening. Mme. Cottrell was substituted for Laura Joyce-Bell as Tronda and Otto Meyer, formerly of the Thalia Theatre, played the role of Kolmodin, first assumed by Charles W. Dungan.

The following are the principals of the Pauline Harvey Opera company, which opens in New York next week: Dan Packard, Henry Molten, J. W. McSweeney, Clement St. Martin, Paul Sage, Antoinette Sanger, Marie Hall and Helen D'Orsay. Carlo Torriani is musical director.

The company for Beacon Lights comprises George F. Learock, Thomas J. Herndon, J. Hay Cossar, George Gorman, Ralph Dorman, Tony Williams, Gracie Emmett, Emma Hinkley, Neva Wharton and Little Daisy Thompson. The company opens in New England next week.

In the sketch of Editha's Burglar, to be presented on the same evening as *The Great Pink Pearl* at the Lyceum Theatre, E. H. Sothern, who appears in the latter play, will also be seen as the burglar. Little Miss Leslie, formerly of Joseph Jefferson's company, will appear as Editha, and there is only one other character in the sketch.

Owing to the sudden departure of John Wyatt, the English comedian, who left for England on Tuesday in answer to a cablegram received on Saturday announcing the serious illness of his wife, Violet Melnotte, lessee of the Comedy Theatre, London, who was not expected to live, Messrs. Brooks and Thompson have engaged J. H. Ryley for the part of the magician in *The Arabian Nights*.

The 500th performance of *Erminie* at the Casino was marked by the attendance of one of the largest audiences ever gathered in the house. Fully a thousand people were turned away from the box office at five minutes after eight, when Rudolph Aronson gave orders that no more admissions were to be sold. The coming is positively the last week of the opera and nearly every seat has been sold.

The company to present *A Grass Widow* includes C. T. Parsloe, who will once more do a Chinaman; Owen Westford, Charles T. Vincent, Julius Kahn, Leslie Edmunds, Frank Willard, Harry Watson, George Burbeck, Susie Russell, Ella Gardner, Nellie Edmunds, Kate Hailey, May Johnson and Gladys Thornton. R. E. Stevens is engaged as business manager. Parsloe and Vincent are the proprietors.

Upside Down, the Daly Brothers' farce-comedy, now playing through the East to large business, will be produced in New York by Rich and Harris during the Winter. Since the success of the play has become a decided fact, Manager Harris has received letters from numerous claimants to the title, which he claims had been copyrighted with the manuscript of the piece long before the production of the play.

bert Shepp, at the Grand, and A. E. Davidson, at the Toronto, are still the chancellors of the exchequer. Arena: Barnum's Circus 8-9.

LONDON.
Grand Opera House (John H. Davidson, manager): This house, which has been redecorated and rejuvenated, was opened August 30 by the Templeton Opera Co. in "The Mikado," to a crowded house. The piece was well received, and all members of the co. acquitted themselves admirably. Clifton-Girofa was presented 31.
Items: A young man representing himself as advance agent for F. A. Robbins' Circus succeeded in victimizing a number of hotels and livery stables here last week and got away. Barnum's Circus is billed 14.

OTTAWA.
Grand Opera House (John Ferguson, manager): Season opened 3, with Abbey's Uncle Tom's Cabin co.; fair business. The house has been repainted and repaired throughout, and presents a much improved appearance.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of travelling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

ALONE IN LONDON CO.: Burlington, Vt., 10, Montreal 12, week.
A NIGHT OFF CO.: Lowell, Mass., 8, Fitchburg 9, Salem 10, Gloucester 11, Marlboro 14, Milford 15, Taunton 16, New Bedford 17.
AGNES ROBERTSON: Milwaukee 5, week, Chicago 12, week.

ARTHUR REHAN CO.: Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 7-8, Allentown 9, N. Y. City, 5, two weeks, Philadelphia 10, week.
A GREAT WRONG: Hoboken 12, week, Washington 10, week.

ATHEMSON-COOK CO.: Bangor, Me., 5, week.
AUGUSTA VAN DUREN: N. Attleboro, Mass., 8, Milford 9, Brockton 10, Fall River 13, Chelsea 15, Lowell 16, Farmington, N. H., 15, Great Falls 16, S. Berwick 17.

ABARIAN NIGHTS CO.: N. Y. City Sept. 12, ten weeks.
AGNES HERNDON: St. Louis 5, week, Jefferson City, Mo., 12, Sedalia 13, Booneville 15, Moberly 16, Columbia 17, Kansas City 19-21, Joplin 19.
ADA GRAY: Rochester 5, week, Troy 17, 19, 21.

ANNIE PICKLEY: Providence, 10, week.
AIDEN BENEDICT: Orono, Mich., 14, Muskegon 16, Argonauts of 40: Grand Rapids 5, week, Chicago 12, week.

BELLA-MOORE: Paris, Ill., 6-10, Sullivan 12, Mattoon 13, Paris 16, Wheeling, W. Va., 10, week, Urichville, O., 16, New Philadelphia 17, Massillon 18, Bellevue 19, Defiance 20, N. Y. City 21, week.

BOY TAMP CO.: Paterson, N. J., 5, week.
BOOTH-BARNETT CO.: Buffalo 10-14, Detroit 15-17, Minneapolis 19, week, Milwaukee 26, week.
BRACON LIGHTS: Worcester, Mass., 14-15, Brooklyn 19, week.

BENJ. MAGNINER: Paterson, N. J., 5, week, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., 12, Carbondale 16.
BARRY AND FAY: Hartford, Conn., 10, Worcester, Mass., 12-13, Fall River 14, Newport, R. I., 15, Westerly 16, Woonsocket, Ct., 17.

BUSBY-DAVIS CO.: Crawfordville, Ind., 5, week.
BUNCH OF KEYS: Lynn, Mass., 10, Haverhill 13, Gardner's Two Roads Co. N. Y. City 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

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Gossip of the Town.

Conrad the Corsair has opened brilliantly in Boston.

J. W. McAndrews has left the Sweatnam-Rice-Fagan Minstrels.

J. P. Ferrall, the Raleigh (N. C.) manager, is in town for a few days.

Franclyn Regild is engaged temporarily in the support of Effie Ellsler.

Martin Hayden, in A Boy Hero, opened at the Museum, Indianapolis, on Monday night, to the largest money house in six months.

We, Us & Co. had a very successful engagement in Boston last week. The leading papers gave the absurdity very flattering notices.

The Howard Athenaeum Specialty company opens its season in Troy on Sept. 19. Their tour will include a trip to the Pacific Coast.

McNish, Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels opened in Cleveland on Monday night to a jammed house. Bob Slavin is ill and did not appear.

Will L. Lykens, in advance of Maggie Mitchell, leaves on Friday for Duluth, Minn., where Miss Mitchell opens her season on Sept. 22.

Blanche Vaughn's success in The Still Alarm does not in any way affect her coming starring tour in the farce-comedy, Gone to Canada.

Manager H. R. Jacobs has a few weeks' open time at his two houses in Philadelphia—the Arch Street Opera House and the Lyceum Theatre.

Alice Evans has joined the Bartram-Burbridge Night Off company, replacing Carrie Walton. Miss Evans will play Susan, the soubrette role.

For the seventeenth time, Kit opened the regular season of the Boston Theatre on Monday night. The house was packed—the largest opening in five years.

Maud Mowbray has been engaged for The Highest Bidder. Ethelline Friend, who played Little Emily with George Fawcett Rowe last season, has also been engaged.

Manager I. L. Butterfield, the Pooh-Bah of Hot Springs, is in town. Mr. Butterfield derives his title from the number of positions of trust he holds at the Springs.

W. T. Lovell is one of the latest English acquisitions to the Wallack Theatre company. He will, however, not leave the organization in which he is playing at present in Great Britain until December.

Charles A. Gardner, in Karl the Peddler, played a great engagement last week in Cleveland at H. R. Jacobs' Theatre. The orchestra was moved aloft, and yet people were turned away at matinee and evening performances.

The Kimball Corlone Opera company opens at the Arch Street Opera House, Philadelphia, next Monday night, presenting the popular burlesque Arcadia. The occasion will mark H. R. Jacobs' advent to the management of the house.

Miss Mary Pirard, one of the leading sopranos of the Maurice Grau Opera Bouffe company; M. Guernsey, the tenor, and M. Tony, one of the comedians, arrived in this country from France on the Normandie on Monday last.

Maud Powell, the young American violinist, has arrived in New York. She was heard in this city two years ago, when she appeared on invitation from the New York Philharmonic Society at one of their concerts at the Academy of Music.

Two Old Cronies is a great box-office hit at Pope's Theatre, St. Louis, this week. Frank M. Willis, John E. Henshaw and May Ten Brock are at the head of this fun-making party. The Cronies are received with enthusiasm everywhere.

Richard C. White's dramatization of She is fully protected by law. This is the first dramatization of the novel and it had a long run at the Tivoli, San Francisco, where it was given a strong dramatic and lyric and brilliant spectacular setting.

The Union Pacific Railway Company print time-cards for the big companies travelling over the line. Passenger Agent Ingalls sends Tux Mixon the time card of Edward Harigan's company. It started eastward from Salt Lake on August 28. Every point of interest was noted, and even the dining hours were recorded.

Lithgow James, the well-known baritone, who arrived in this country on the Umbria a week or so ago after three years and a half abroad in England, Australia, New Zealand and India, during which he was shipwrecked off Tasmania, is negotiating with a well-known operatic manager.

David Belasco left the city for Chicago on Tuesday to superintend the production of the new play which Clay M. Greene and he had written for Lotta. Immediately after the production Mr. Belasco returns to the Metropolis to direct the rehearsals of Baron Rudolph for George S. Knight.

The adaptation of As In a Looking Glass, which Mrs. Langtry will produce at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Sept. 19, is by Frank Rogers, a well-known adapter for the London stage. It will contain the Monte Carlo scene, which the adaptation produced at the Opera Comique in London did not have.

C. C. McCarthy will open his season in One of the Bravest, under the management of John H. Springer, at Pittsburgh, on Oct. 3. Among the people engaged in support are William Cronin, Ned West, Ned Barry, Lottie Blair, Harry Parker and a well known English soubrette.

On Monday A. L. Erlanger departed the town to direct the New England tour of Effie Ellsler. He precedes the company for a fortnight and then temporarily devotes himself to his other interests, which include Joseph Jefferson's Spring tour and the Southern tour of Shadows of a Great City.

Adelaide Thornton is winning credit again for her impersonation of Francesca Rimini in The Galley Slave one of the best of Barley Campbell's successful pieces. Miss Thornton is a versatile actress, thoughtful and careful in her work and deserves the success that has followed her efforts to revive this excellent play. Her engagement at Poole's is proving profitable.

At nine hours' notice, G. Herbert Leonard was engaged as leading support to Agnes Robertson in My Geraldine. Just after leaving for the West he learned that he had missed an engagement with Mrs. Langtry. However, he has done so well with the Geraldine company that the management voluntarily increased his salary.

The Deacon Brodie company has been nearly all secured on the other side by Edward J. Henley. It includes Graham Stuart, Edmund Grace, Horace Saker, Edmund Lyons, Fred Desmond, Henry Vernon, James Bauer and Carrie Coote.

W. W. Randall has been appointed agent in this city of the New Hennepin Avenue Theatre, Minneapolis, which opens on Sept. 26 with Booth and Barrett, and the new Wood Opera House, St. Paul, which opens on Nov. 7 with Minnie Maddern.

A Wronged Man is a play-title that Mr. A. E. Geismardo has copper-bottomed with a copyright that he hopes will carry terror to the hearts of those who would infringe. Mr. Geismardo does not propose to become a wronged man if he can avoid it.

Lewis Lent, advance agent of the Joseph J. Sullivan company, is at present in jail at Kingston, N. Y. On Monday last he tackled a lithograph in front of a shoe store in that city, and when one of the firm came out and tore it down he struck him on the hand with a big hammer. Mr. Lent will remain in durance vile until the injured man is strong enough to appear against him.

The following is a synopsis of the scenes of The Marquis, which is to follow Erminie at the Casino on Sept. 19 and the sale of seats for which began on Monday. There are two tableaux in Act I., the first being at the Diligence Office, 1760; the next, five years later, at the Cadeau Bleu Tavern, near Paris. Act II. represents the Boudoir of the Prima Balierina, and Act III. is at Trionon, with the illuminated gardens of Versailles, at the time of Louis XV.

Circus in Town will materialize at the Bijou on Monday night. The first production of this unique and original fantasia, by Edward Holst and Woolson Morse, took place last night in Pawtucket, R. I.—a town presided over by only one critic, whose isolation is sometimes to be envied. The cast included John A. Mackay, W. H. Hamilton, Richard Golden, Edward Holst, W. C. Mandeville, Thomas Lewis, Adah Richmond, Grace Wilson, Josie Hall and Hattie Delaro.

The following cable was received by William Gillette on Tuesday last from Charles Warner: "Accept my sincere congratulations upon the 550th presentation of Held by the Enemy in America. We have just passed the 150th here. Sure of reaching 550 in England." Following the engagement of Held by the Enemy at the Star Theatre it will be presented at the Grand Opera House, Niblo's Garden and the People's Theatre.

F. F. Proctor's new star, Charles T. Ellis, commenced his season last Monday at Wilington, Del., and fulfilled the hopes of his legion of friends. The house was packed to the doors before the raising of the curtain, and the star and play received a generous welcome. Under the management of Mr. Proctor this artist is expected soon to take a front rank where the talents with which he is generously gifted would have placed him long since had he been properly managed.

"I think it a sensible plan to look a long way ahead," said Nelson Wheatcroft to a Mirror reporter the other day, "and consequently I am already at work booking time for Ade line Stanhope's tour in Gwynne's Oath, which will open in New York about this time next year. The play is to be produced by the Boston Museum stock company shortly, and I shall probably have it presented in San Francisco and on the Pacific Slope next Spring."

W. T. Carleton and C. E. Blanchett wire THE MIRROR from Detroit: "The New Detroit Opera House opened to-night (5th) with the Carleton Opera company. The elegant theatre was a happy surprise to all in attendance, and it was universally conceded to be second to none in America. Seats are all sold for the entire week. The cast is the best and the costumes the most elaborate ever presented by Mr. Carleton here. Lilly Post, Fanny Rice, Drew, Taylor, Murray and Carleton were repeatedly recalled."

The Arabian Nights opens at the Standard Theatre next Monday night with the following company: J. H. Ryley, E. J. Connelly, Thomas Martin, F. W. Holland, Loie Fuller, Lena Merville, Lillie Adiston, Celia Ellis and Lizzie Hughes. The company arrived in the city direct from Chicago on Monday morning, and have been busily engaged in rehearsal ever since. Captain Thompson and Harley Merry have been hard at work on the panorama representing the road to the palace which is a feature of the second act. On the canvas will be seen caricatures of many local celebrities. Mile. Adele Cornalba will lead the ballet.

The Salsbury Troubadours are rehearsing at the Metropolitan Opera House under the supervision of Fred Williams whose Hummingbird has been entirely re-written. The season opens next Wednesday night at N.W. Haven. The piece is now full of music, and a new dinner party scene has been written in. The company engaged includes John Webster, Nellie McHenry, Felix Haney, F. B. Blair, L. N. Glover, Ethel Corlette, Louise Searle and I. Howard. Fred Russell will act as business manager, while S. Simonson has been engaged as musical director. Frank Maeder, the manager, states that he has greater hopes of the piece than of anything the company has ever had.

Marjorie Bonner has resigned from Joseph Haworth's company for the stated reason that she was refused the parts for which she was engaged—an act the lady construed into a breach of contract. The firm of Hayden, Dickson and Roberts have sent Miss Bonner the following letter: "Replying to your request asking to be released from your Joseph Haworth contract by us, we say that we do so with great reluctance and feel very sorry to learn that the part of Lady Adele in Resdale as well as the part of Ophelia in Hamlet cannot be assigned you. We sincerely trust that you may reconsider the matter before insisting on our resignation." Miss Bonner is open for offers.

As a testimonial to the people who had worked so hard to make The Still Alarm a success, and as a fitting finish to a successful week, Messrs. Joseph Arthur, Harry Lacy and Manager J. W. R. Sennet gave a supper on the stage of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, after the performance on last Saturday night. Speeches were made by Steele Mackaye, J. W. Rosenquest, Mr. Lacy and Mr. Arthur, the latter stating that he considered that everybody connected with the production had contributed to its great success. Mr. Wheeler reiterated his assertion that he had nothing to do with writing the play, and that all the credit was due to Mr. Arthur. The table was spread in the Manley House, and much merriment was

caused by Jack's indignation at Gorman's sitting down to eat. The young fireman called on Inspector Byrnes, who was present, to put the villain out, which was done. Then he got in again at the window and offered to fight Manley for a sandwich.

Dramas Appropriated by Play-Pirates.

(Published for the information of resident managers who desire to avoid infringements.)

After Dark. My Partner.
Arrab-on-Pogge. Michael Strogoff.
Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl. Monte Cristo.
Bob. Nobody's Claim.
Big Business. Only a Woman's Heart.
Round to Succeed. Our Boarding-House.
Confusion. Our Boarding-School.
Colonel Sellers. Pansie's Slave.
Davy Crockett. Prisoner for Life.
Divorce. Queen's Evidence.
Dewdrop. Queens.
Danichefs. Kossdale.
Ellen Oge. Roman Rye.
Emeralds. Streets of New York.
Fedora. The Phoenix.
Fog's Ferry. Two Orphans.
Fun on the Bristol. The Vigilantes.
Gale. The Flirt.
Galle Slave. The Silver King.
Hazel Kirke. The Old Homestead.
Held by the Enemy. The Ranker's Daughter.
Hearts of Oak. The Black Crook.
Inshavogue. The Wages of Sin.
Jim the Preacher. The Good Day Secretary.
Joshua Whitcomb. The Planter's Wife.
Jacqueline. The Pavements of Paris.
Kentuck. Taken from Life.
Lights of London. The World.
Long Strike. The Octoroon.
Lost in London. The Martyr.
Lynwood. Under the Gaslight.
May B. Van the Virginian.
Messenger from Jarvis Section. Woman Against Woman.
Miles. Young Miss Winthrop.

Those possessing information as to the unauthorized production of other copyrighted plays are cordially invited to add to this list, and the same invitation is extended to those who may be able to add to the list below.

SOME NOTORIOUS PLAY-PIRATES.

A. L. Wilber, J. A. Sawtelle, Warren Nobles, John Negrootto, Edwin Stuart, Maude Atkinson, Trelegan and Seward, Felton and Conner, a "Windsor Theatre Company," Bayre-Davis company, T. M. Brown, Canice Gooden company, Wilson Day company, Card Franklin company, Edwin Sothery, C. D. Henry company, Waite Comedy company, Walter S. Baldwin, W. C. Turner.

From William Redmund.

H. Frank Moulton, Esq., manager of the Moulton Opera House, received the following letter this week from Mr. William Redmund, of the Redmund-Barry company:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., August 30, 1887.

My Dear Mr. Moulton:

I cannot help thinking of your charming little theatre, as I will write you a few lines to tell you how pleased I was with everything connected with it. It is indeed a beautiful house. The acoustic properties seemed to me perfect, and your stage is complete, more so than many of the metropolitan theatres. You have not only studied the comfort of the audience, but that of the artists as well. Your stage is large enough to put on any attraction, and I am sure the best stars in the country have but to know your theatre to write for time to time that this is assured. You have a first-class house in a good theatrical town, and what more can be needed? So I will say au revoir and good luck. Yours truly,

WILLIAM REDMUND.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the leading Places of Amusement, Hotels, etc., in the cities and towns alphabetically arranged below.

ATHENS, GA. OPEN DATES.
NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Will be opened about Nov. 1, 1887. Seating capacity, 800. Folding opera chairs, elegant scenery, etc. Size of stage 30x60. Population 10,000. Managers desiring to look for next season will please address the ATHENS BUILDING CO.

AMHERST, MASS. OPERA HOUSE.
Population 4,500. Seating 700; opera chairs. All new scenery. Good dress-rooms. Stage 25x40. Lighted by gas, heated by steam. Good show town. First-class attractions wanted. Share or rent. H. M. McCLOUD, Mgr.

BOSTON, MASS. RICHWOOD HOUSE.
254, 256 and 258 Tremont street.

The Only First-class Professional Hotel in the city.
Under New and Popular Management. All modern improvements. Elevator, electric bells, steam heat, etc. Newly furnished throughout. Excellent cuisine. Special inducements offered theatrical companies. Send for rates and circular. A. B. FOSTER, Proprietor.

BEAVER FALLS, PA. SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Seating capacity 1,200. Population 10,000. New Brighton 6,000, connected by street railway. Playing one date per week only. Stage 35x70. Complete scenery. Now booking for season 1887-88. Best attractions only. C. W. ROHRKASTE, Manager.

CHICAGO, ILL. HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Opens Saturday night, Dec. 24, 1887, with the eminent and popular tragedian,
THOMAS W. KEENE.

Largest theatre in Chicago. Equipment both elegant and thorough.
CAPACITY, 3,000 PEOPLE. FOUR TIERS.
Prices 25c to \$1.50.

WILLIAM M. J. DAVIS, Lessee and Manager.

DANVILLE, VA. ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
It is beautiful place of amusement, the only one in the city—ground floor, opened on February 1, 1880, has been thoroughly completed and is now the most attractive Theatre in the South. Furnished with beautiful scenery by So-man and Landis, and one thousand of Kane's improved chairs. Stage 40x75 feet; proscenium opening 15 feet. First-class dressing-rooms and all modern conveniences; lighted by gas and electricity. Street cars pass the main entrance.

Will book first-class companies on shares. Address J. M. NEAL, President Board of Directors.
Population of Danville and North Danville 15,000.

FROSTBURG, MD. RAVENSCROFT OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 850. Lighted by gas; steam heated. Now booking season 1887-88. First-class attractions only need apply. Time act filling. Good show town. JOHN RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

FLATONIA, TEXAS. NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 400. W. WILLEFORD, Manager.

FRANKFORT, KY. O-ERA HOUSE.
Seats 450 on ground floor. BARRETT & HEFFNER.

HAMILTON, OHIO. POPULATION 16,000. MUSIC HALL.
Seats 1,300. Opera chairs. Scenery full and complete, have piano. Will rent or share. Stage, 12x10. HAZELFELDT AND HORNBER.

KENTON, OHIO. POPULATION 7,000. DICK ON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
One of the finest theatres in the State. Stage 45x70; proscenium opening 14 feet; 25 sets new scenery. Seats 1,200. Lighted by gas; heated by steam. Twelve dressing-rooms, nicely carpeted. Own all bill-board; do my own bill-posting. Will share or rent. Open 15 days. Weeks of Sept. 13, 19, 26, 31 and Nov. 8, 14, 21 and 28. Address HENRY DICKSON, Proprietor.

HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS. HENRY OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 500. Share or rent. JOHN HENRY, Manager.

LEBANON, IND. GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Built last year. Seating capacity 1,000; opera chairs; Stage 36x60; 12 sets scenery. Population 5,000, with good surrounding towns and country to draw from. Play first-class companies only. Now booking for 1887-88. J. C. BROWN, Manager.

McKINNEY, TEXAS. HEARD'S OPERA HOUSE.
The best and largest in the city. Recently refitted throughout. Stage 30x50 feet. Seating capacity 900. For open time address
DE VAULT & MARKHAM, Managers.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO. WOODWARD OPERA HOUSE.
Wanted—Reliable dramatic, opera or comedy company. Fair week, Oct. 4-6, large crowds. Good company can do big business. No cheap shows apply. Regular prices. Rent or share. Address L. G. HUNT, Manager.

MARION, IOWA. Population 4,000. Daniels' Opera Hall. Open Sept. 10, 1887. Seating 650; 300 opera chairs. Scenery by Noxon, Albert and Toomey. Stage 25x40. Division headquarters C. M. and St. P. R. R. Share or rent. A. L. DANIELS, Mgr.

MOUNT MORRIS, N. Y. SEYMOUR OPERA HOUSE.
Seating capacity, 600. Full scenery. Everything new and all modern conveniences. On the main line of D. L. and W. R. R., only thirty-five miles from Rochester. FIRST-CLASS SHOW TOWN. POPULATION 4,000. Will be ready for business Sept. 1. Share or rent. NORMAN H. SEYMOUR, Manager.

MILTON, PA. GUARDS OPERA HOUSE.
Open for dates. Seating capacity 700. J. M. KERR, Manager.

MASSILON, OHIO. BUCHER'S OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 900. Stage 36x55. Population 12,000. Share or rent. Address BAR AND PORTER.

NORWALK, OHIO. GARDINER'S MUSIC HALL.
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Specially engaged to create the part of Cad Wilbur in the original New York production of THE STILL ALARM. Starting season of 1887-88 in the entirely new and original comedy drama, entitled

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WANTED—A Juvenile Lady and a few responsible people to complete company. Managers with open time address at once

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ADELAIDE THORNTON in THE GALLEY SLAVE.

The Present Attraction at Poole's.

A Thorough and Brilliant Success.

New York Herald, Sept. 6: The audience applauded and applauded until their hands were tired. Miss Adelaide Thornton as Francesca Remini, who was the bright particular star, came in for most of the applause, and well deserved it was.

World: Miss Adelaide Thornton was well received in the part of Francesca.

Evening Sun: Adelaide Thornton was the particularly strong feature of The Galley Slave, the new bill at Poole's.

News: Miss Adelaide Thornton headed the cast, playing Francesca Remini naturally and with goodly power.

She was warmly applauded for her acting.

Telegram: Miss Adelaide Thornton as Francesca was loudly applauded.

For Time and Terms address ADELAIDE THORNTON, care Poole's Theatre.

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St. Louis Taken by Storm. Four Lengths Ahead and Still Gaining!

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There never was such a hit made in a Theatre in St. Louis. Opening at Pope's, Saturday night, the worst of the week, against Standard Attractions at all the other theatres, to a third larger house than any other attraction. The public and press pronounced it a phenomenal hit of the Brightest, Cleanest and Most Sparkling Musical Comedy ever produced.

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TWO OLD CRONIES opened our second week Saturday night (the worst night of the week, and the weather very hot) to a packed house. Both ticket-offices were open, an unusual occurrence here. The piece and company made a phenomenal hit. The great audience was kept in a continuous laugh from beginning to end. The advance sale for the balance of the week is very large, and I predict one of the largest week's business of the season. O. L. HAGAN, Manager Pope's Theatre, St. Louis.

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Miss Maggie Mitchell

Season of 1887-8, are requested to assemble for rehearsal on the stage of the

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Members of the Boston

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will please assemble for rehearsal on MONDAY, SEPT. 20, at

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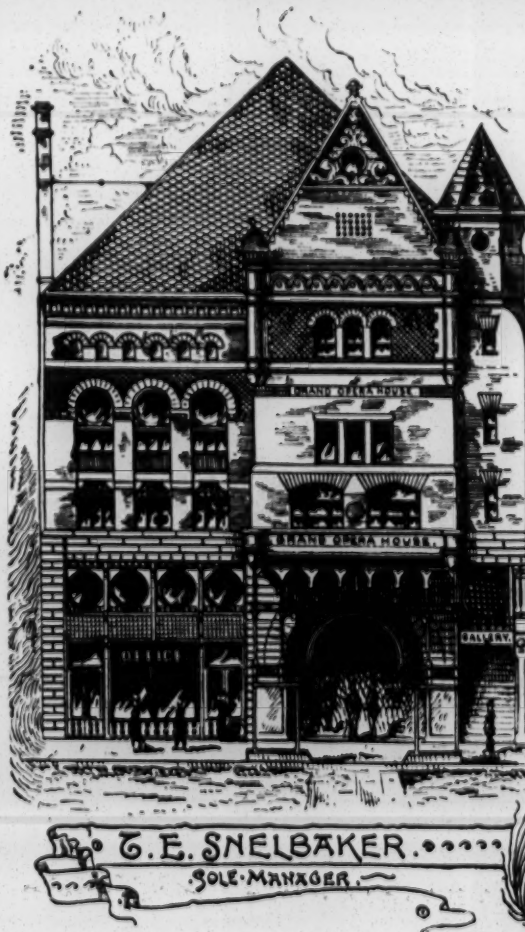
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